The SPHERE

Vol. CXXI. No. 1582 MAY 17, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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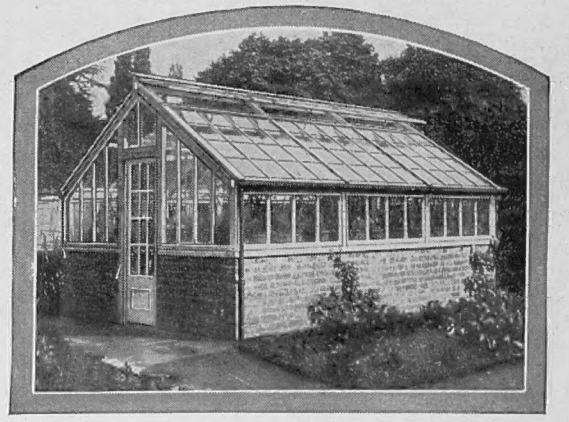

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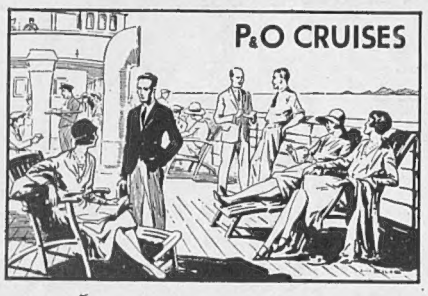

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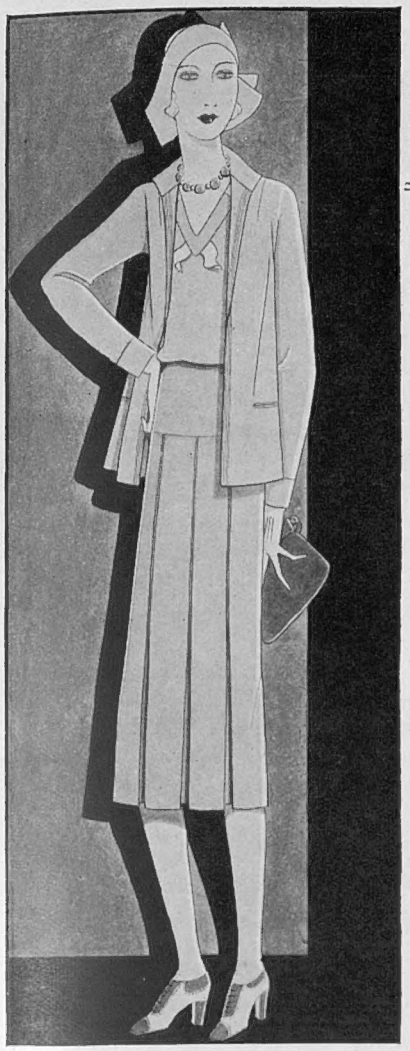

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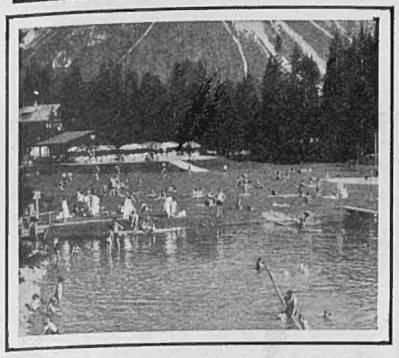

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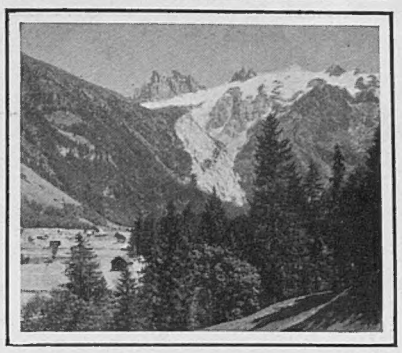

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A London Newsletter

THE GOLDEN CROSS: The re-gilt ornament above St. Paul's blazes in the City sun with a more than Oriental splendour

INVERESK HOUSE, W.C., STRAND,
Wednesday, May 14, 1930.

The Old Recipe.—London in May is after all our croakings and Ichabods still the prime recipe for banishing the dumps which Dr. Johnson and Walpole found it. The debutante's day during the Season is as much a whirl and a kaleisdoscope as ever it was and the radius is infinitely wider. The Courts are still the "fearful joy" which the rigid formalities of Queen Victoria's drawing-rooms made them, for all that Royalty is democratized and Middle-West Americans and tennis stars are as much entitled to make their courtesies as the daughters of a hundred earls. And Bond Street and its purlieus have lost none of their charm by reason of the petrol fumes and have positively increased the reckless sense of damn-the-consequences which they engender during the shopping hours. The debutante may fly to Deauville for her week-end, or to Newmarket for the "Guineas," but the old London, the "Mayfair in May" sung by Bulwer Lytton, draws her back again with all its ancient magic. As for her mother, she finds the Season thrice as flattering and entrancing as ever *her* mother did. For she renews her own girlhood and no longer puts in three months' hard labour altruistically. And even for paterfamilias who still pays the piper though he no longer calls the tune, if politics no longer interest him, he can enjoy every hour of his day in London, divorced from the worries of his inherited acres, at the very nerve-centre of an unparalleled festival of sport.

Paterfamilias — His Social Diary.—Here, for example, is a human document, being the week's recreation of a country squire, forced for the sake of his unmarried daughters to "bore himself to death in London during the best three months of the year."

Wednesday, 7th.—Slept late and woke with exhilarating sensations of last night's performance of *Fledermaüs*. Chucked going to Newmarket for the 2,000 Guineas, partly because of the cold, chiefly by overhearing a whisper in the club which took me straight to Addington. A thrilling day, watching almost alone the world's best golfers. The American Walker Cup team practising made golf look like bumble puppy. Douglas Fairbanks was with them and gave me a "close-up" of a film star in a serious rôle. Saw a bit of the Baerlein and Aberdare tennis combinations at Queen's—some superb tennis.

Thursday, 8th.—Did the Academy. Went to Lord's to watch M.C.C. and Surrey. Came away frozen and went to Thurston's to find billiards a more congenial show in May.

Friday, 9th.—To Newmarket for the One Thousand. Good racing and good company. Took the girls to a ball and found myself dancing like a two-year-old at 3 a.m.

Saturday, 10th.—To Brooklands for the second day of the thrilling Light Car Trials; on to Hurlingham to see the Ashtons at polo, but rain intervened. A strange contrast in thrills and in company.

After all, got through the first week better than I expected and managed to see a little of everything and the best of everything. Quite a sharp contrast to life at Slocombe-parva.

The Laureate.—The office of Poet Laureate has had a strange variety of holders, poets noble and mighty, such as Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Bridges, and poetasters such as Pye, whom Macaulay so brutally bludgeoned, or Alfred Austin. To-day there is no political "ticket" attached to acceptance, and there is no obligation on the official bard to write an annual birthday ode to Princess Elizabeth nor to mourn with a funeral ode the passing of the Crown Princess of Darmstadt-Hessingen. No Browning to-day would tick off a Wordsworth with a *Lost Leader*. Tennyson wrote royal odes because he enjoyed doing it, but Mr. Masefield need not polish up his style. Probably Mr. Kipling nowadays would not have been ruled out of consideration for the post despite *The Widow of Windsor*, if he had not struck himself out of the race. There may have been greater poets laureate than Mr. Masefield—there have been none more versatile and few more prolific in many fields. How long ago it seems that we used to quote sensuously *The Widow in the Bye Street*—that picture for example of the sun setting in a foggy city "like some great cobwebbed bottle of old wine"; how long ago our "heart was raw with joy and pity" for the everlasting truths of *Reynard the Fox;* how long ago we wept and rejoiced over *The Old Front Line*. Let me recommend those of the elect who mourn that there is only one *Treasure Island* to discover, to hunt up the new laureate's forgotten *Jim Davis*. Versatile indeed, poet and seer, novelist, dramatist, and journalist; soldier and sailor too; Conrad, Hardy, and Whyte-Melville; foxhunter and socialist; the ideal choice for the present melting-pot age.

Inch and Ell.—The Wafdist leaders return bringing no sheaves with them. Nahas Pasha might have gone back staggering under the load of a monster bunch of grapes—such a bunch as the old gardener could hardly endure to cut from the ancient vine. But Nahas, when he saw the grapes, held out for melons, and returns to Egypt with nothing but pleasant memories of the English climate in May and the still warmer friendliness of the Foreign Secretary. It is as true of Egypt as it is true of India that the tyro must learn to walk before challenging a Dorando, and in saying that, there is no fear of confusing the constitutional procedure of the Egyptian delegation with the excesses of a hot-head horde of irresponsibles in India. It is clear that an important section of the Egyptian nation would have been perfectly content with the grapes. That section which sympathized with Nahas' surprisingly extravagant straining after the melons, may yet possibly record its disapproval in the usual manner. It is comforting therefore to realize that meanwhile the status quo remains, which implies the maintenance of a British garrison in Cairo and the continuance of the High Commissioner's watching brief for foreign interests. Political memory is notoriously short but it still illumines the lamentable and inevitable result of Egypt's undiluted control of the Sudan. Nahas has not yet got to grips with political realities.

"Quot Homines."—The chief topics of last week (other than social) were the Fulham by-election, the rejection by Sir H. Cautley's Committee of the L.C.C. Charing Cross Bridge scheme, and the events in India. Each of these subjects drove home the truth of the maxim that there are two sides to every question and of the broader aphorism *quot homines, tot sententiæ*. You may assert or you may doubt the importance of the Empire Crusade on Sir Cyril Cobb's narrow victory. A Conservative gain falls cheerfully, but who can account for those 6,000 Liberal votes which went a-begging? But there is unanimity for the conviction that Lord Beaverbrook worked like a beaver. As for the bridge scheme, such sober and respectable critics as *The Times* and *The Telegraph* were found in rival camps. The former, to win perfection, is patiently prepared to endure the expense and delays of new researches, fresh evidence, more and more Commissions and Committees. *The Telegraph* is not. As for our policy in India, in the length and breadth of England you will not in any gathering of men find unanimity save in appreciation of the high character of Lord Irwin and of the intolerable difficulties which face the finest service in our Empire. It is a bitter reflection that the noblest character on the political stage is wearing himself out in the struggle. There is an appalling grain of truth in a pregnant article on India recently published in *The New York Times*. It is to the effect that, while recourse to armed force must be deprecated by every sane Englishman, yet sharp repression following a native outburst is the only sure way out for us. In other words, if Gandhi could control the lawless elements and observe a strictly peaceful resistance, a universal boycott, it would be practically impossible to find a way out.

Clubland.—Clubland, according to immemorial custom, has been holding its annual meetings, and amazingly cheerful hearing have been the reports of most of the chairmen. Pall Mall has survived the two most determined assaults in its history, the economic consequences of the war (or peace) and the invasion of woman. It is still sacred to man and guided by the superb traditions created when gentlemen of leisure ruled the roost in London. It was made clear to me at a couple of annual meetings which I attended that the candidates book is no longer an anxiety. The waiting lists are well up to pre-war standard in quantity and quality, and an aspirant must wait four years for election. For the rest, catering is once more a profitable department of club economics, and increase in bedroom accommodation is still an absolutely safe venture. On the other hand the word has gone out to "ca canny" with squash racket courts. The (often) enormous expense of digging-out these fat-reducing chambers is not made good with speed or certainty.

Too Much of a Good Thing.—Can one have too much of a good thing? The next week or so will settle the doubtful question whether "Fill every glass" will as formerly fill every seat at the *Lyric*. *The Beggar's Opera* is back again with the old favourites bearing up bravely. If you consider how often Lytton has played Jack Point with vivacity, you will have no reason for anxiety concerning Ranalow and Elsie French. At any rate, there they are as cheery as ever, complete with postures and blacked-out teeth respectively. It was and is a delightful show. No one, unless it be Offenbach, ever massed into a single opera such a wealth of light and haunting melody as did the collectors-of-airs responsible for Gay's Opera. And I hazard the guess that Sir Nigel is justified in his claim that he has recaptured the spirit of that drably-grey and dirty-bright eighteenth century. For *The Beggar's Opera*, when it broke over London in 1728, began a run which has lasted 200 years, and did indeed keep that era alive for us as few eras have been kept alive by works of art. It revived our national music, which had been smothered by Handel and the Italian Opera, and did so by the usual English expedient of brutal satire, and it was the direct ancestor, the "onlie begetter," of our own Gilbert and Sullivan operas. *But* I confess I jib nowadays at the encores. Probably one would weary of *Fidelio* after fourteen hearings. I wish Sir Nigel could hit on another winner like Gay's old opera. I sometimes think he went nearest that goal with *The Duenna*, which just needed one more push to topple it over on to the golden sands.

Mr. Baldwin's Book of Wisdom.—Whatever may be the place assigned in history to Mr. Baldwin as a politician, his place as an orator and a teacher of youth is assured among the Burkes and the Platos. If there is a living example of the public man who would serve his country and generation better as the head of a great educational institution, Mr. Baldwin is that man. Last week-end he gave to the undergraduates of St. Andrews the selected fruits of a life's experience in public, business, and private life, and to my mind, a close study of the synopsis of his principal points would carry a man triumphantly through modern life's difficulties. Let me rescue a few of his pearls and cast them before you—

(1) Let us correct the irreverence of mere knowledge by the decency of wisdom.

(2) Cleverness interests and amuses, but who does not know the thrill of the chance discovery of half-a-dozen words of wisdom learned by sweat and blood when earth was young.

(3) A nation lives by the quality of her ordinary men.

(4) The greatest men claim the least.

(5) The difference between the trained and the untrained mind lies in the capacity to discover error, in however specious guise.

(6) The life of the mind is a conflict with error.

(When I remember that Mr. Baldwin gave votes to flappers, I account for pearl No. 5 by pearl No. 6.)

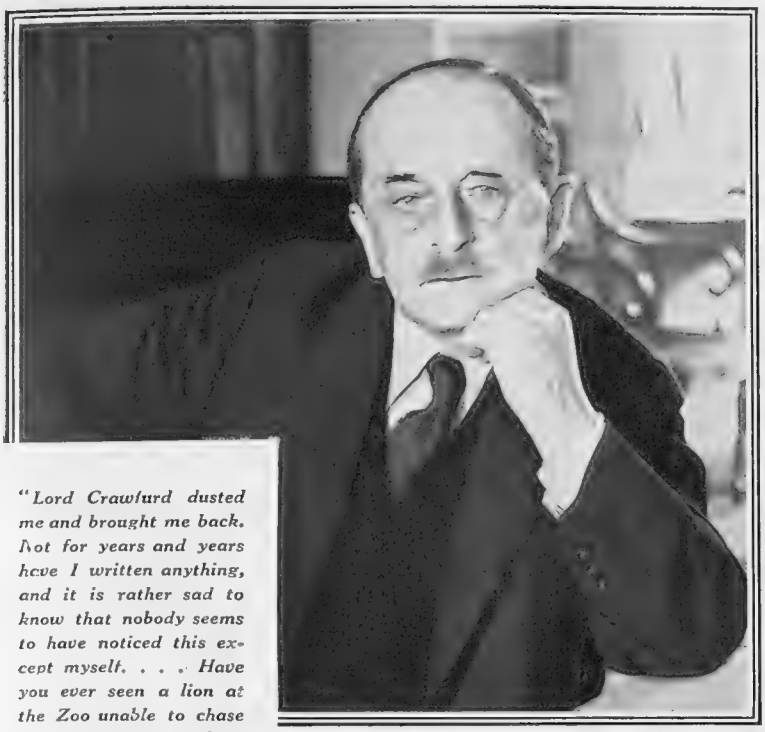
(7) There is nothing fantastic in the idea that Oxford should be isolated in a ring of inviolable parklands. (I have in this instance paraphrased Mr. Baldwin. If I had my way I should instal and immure him in the very centre of that green ring).

THE OLD STAGER.

A SIGN OF THE SEASON: Evening dress at tea-time is a freak save in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, where the great Wagner operas demand attendance at 5.15

FOUR FIGURES *of the* CURRENT NEWS

H.M. The Queen at Deptford: Mr. Fairbanks in London: Sir James Barrie's Seventieth Birthday: "Spider" in the Strand



"Lord Crawfurd dusted me and brought me back. Not for years and years have I written anything, and it is rather sad to know that nobody seems to have noticed this except myself. . . . Have you ever seen a lion at the Zoo unable to chase from his cage a mob of sparrows? I have sometimes thought that children and fairies are my sparrows, and that I am that badgered lion. . . ."

THREE SCORE AND TEN YEARS YOUNG: Sir J. M. Barrie, O.M., whose seventieth birthday was celebrated by his presiding over the 140th annual dinner of the Royal Literary Fund at the Hotel Victoria, and making thereat an eloquent and whimsical speech appealing for funds

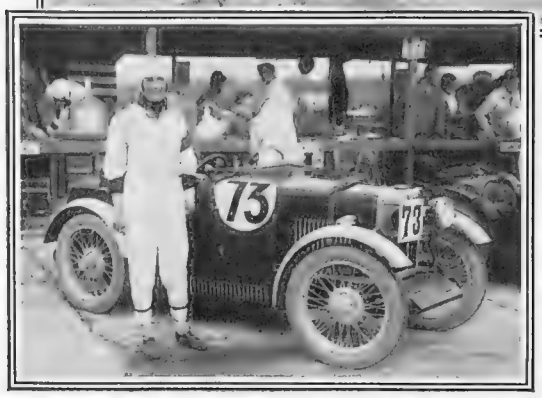
THE "SPIDER" IN THE STRAND: A striking view of the Duchess of Bedford's monoplane in which she flew to the Cape and back in twenty days, on view in Bush House, Strand. The upper right-hand picture shows Her Majesty the Queen at the opening of the new Rachel McMillan College at Deptford for the training of girls in nursery work. With the Queen is Miss Margaret McMillan, sister of the founder. 10,000 schoolchildren welcomed the Queen

DOUG PLEADS FOR OLD LONDON: Mr. Fairbanks, the distinguished film-star, regards London with an eye cold to its changes. On regarding Park Lane the screen-star said: "What have you done to Park Lane? Why are you tearing it up? What right have you to alter the face of London in this way? You go monkeying about and risk spoiling the most perfect city God ever made"

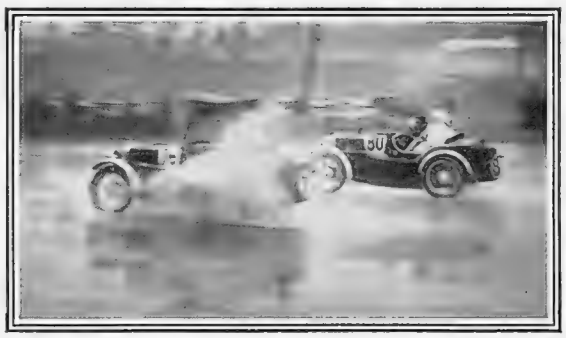
A BRITISH TRIUMPH in the BRITISH MOTORING CLASSIC.

Moments during the Double Twelve at Brooklands, where British Cars Won the First Four Places

A SCENE OF TRAGEDY: Brooklands race-course, where cars 21 and 22 crashed during the Double Twelve Hours' Race last week-end, killing one mechanic and one spectator, and injuring some twenty people. Both cars were Talbots



THE BREED THAT WON THE TEAM PRIZE: Miss V. Worsley with her M.G. Midget—a make of car awarded the team prize. Miss Worsley was not, however, driving one of the M.G. team, but completed the course



AMPHIBIAN BABIES IN THE RACE: Two of the M.G. Midgets tearing over the flooded track in driving rain. The leading car was one of the trio that won the team prize for Britain

FLAMES OF DISAPPOINTMENT: No. 3 Bentley—one of the Hon. Dorothy Paget's stable—driven by J. D. Benjafield, caught fire, with no casualties. Extinguishers are seen in action

AT THE PITS: A scene of furious activity at the start of the Double Twelve. It is at the pits that the cars re-fuel and effect running repairs. On the Saturday morning all cars had to start on the self-starter—a gruelling test

JUST IN TIME: Earl Howe (with Captain Malcolm Campbell) drove a Bugatti to win in Class D. At one period the offside front wheel was hanging on by only two threads. Under the rules the drivers had to run from the car to the pits to effect the repair

TAKING THE BANKING: One of the big super-charged Bentleys tearing round the curve in the Double Twelve. Bentleys, of course, won the race, although one of them caught fire at the pits, to resume running immediately

The Double Twelve at Brooklands was a triumph for Britain. The first four places in the whole race and the first in Classes G and H, the team prize, and the Auto Car Trophy all went to British cars. One Bugatti and two Alfa Romeos headed their respective classes. The final ranking was (1) Bentley, (2) Bentley, (3) Riley, (4) Aston Martin. The first day was rendered tragic by the fatal accident to the two Talbots which collided, killing one mechanic and one spectator, and injuring some twenty persons

VICTORY: Mr. Woolf Barnato and Mr. F. C. Clement who, in a big 6-cylinder Bentley which averaged 86·68 m.p.h., won the Double Twelve. *Above*—A SCENE IN THE JUDGE'S CAR

FESTIVALS *of* FAITH *and* FAITHLESSNESS

Roman Catholicism, Islam, and Communistic Atheism Celebrated in Carthage, Tunis, and Moscow

A EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS HELD ON A SITE OF MARTYRDOM: A scene in the amphitheatre of Carthage, where the thirtieth Eucharistic Congress, and the first to be held in Africa, was convened. The procession was held in the ruins of St. Cyprian Basilica, where the Papal Legate blessed the huge crowd

MAY DAY IN MOSCOW: Red cavalry on white horses pass by one of the great symbolical figures erected in the streets of Moscow. Effigies of the Pope and leading public men of Capitalistic countries were carried in the procession through Red Square. *Inset* are the horses of the land where to usher in a reign of peace the panoply of war receives the greatest attention

A MUSLIM RITE: Bey Ahmed (centre, with beard) arrives at his palace at Bardo, near Tunis, for the ceremony of *Aid-el-Kebir*

Ten Cardinals and tens of thousands of Romish pilgrims attended the Eucharistic Congress held this year in Carthage. The Congress was also notable because the ship that bore the Papal Legate, Cardinal Lepicier, to Africa, flew the Papal flag which has not been seen on the high seas for seventy years

Where None may fear or hesitate—— PESHAWUR

and its Stirring Story

"Last night ye had shot at a border thief,
To-night 'tis a man of the Guides"

By Lieut.-General SIR GEORGE McMUNN

Peshawur that has been the scene of the dramatic and disconcerting incident during the last days of April is no stranger to such, both in British annals and in those of the centuries that look down from the frowning cliff and heights of the Khaiber. Battle, murder, mutiny, assemblies, durbars, armies, sieges, courts, kings, and evangels, have all interlocked in its memories.

Earlier even than Alexander was it a great city and centre of pious Buddhists, and thereto hangs the story of one of the greatest triumphs of the British archæologist. Some twenty years ago Dr. Spooner of the Indian Archæological Department solved the problem that had worried not only archæologists but, what was much more important, Buddhists themselves for at least 1,400 years, viz., where was the depository of the famous gold casket that contained the ashes of the Teacher. It was known from the extant itinerary of the Chinese Pilgrims, who came to pray at the shrine of the ashes, that the site was somewhere in Northern India, for the pilgrims came through Kashgar and Kashmir through the Buddhist settlements in Swat or thereabouts. Studying the itineraries of Fa Hien and Houen Tsang, the latter *circa* 630 A.D., Dr. Spooner came to the conclusion that Peshawur was the site he was looking for. Round Peshawur are many old mounds of ancient ruins, and by trial and error in one of these was found the alabaster coffer described by pilgrims, and in it the famous golden casket. Buddha lived five centuries before Christ, and to find his relics intact in this way was an astounding discovery and a remarkable instance of the accurate following out of ancient records that were themselves accurate. The relics were handed to the safe custody of the Buddhists of Burma.

So much for the holy, peaceful attitude of a district which under Moslem rule rarely knew the word. To review all that Peshawur has seen would take a volume, but we may linger for a moment to think of the progress of the Mogul Emperors passing between Delhi and their mountain home at Kabul in pomp and circumstance, bringing always back with them the love of Central Asian things which we see to this day in their gardens at Agra, at Delhi and Lahore, and in Kashmir. There is drama enough since the British have had ken of it. Mountstuart Elphinstone went there in 1811, sent by the Governor-General to discuss a treaty with the Afghans to promote trade and to combine to prevent the threatened invasion by Napoleon and the Tsar. Peshawur was that year the winter capital of Shah Shujah, King of Afghanistan. A few years later Maharajah Runjhit Singh took it from the Afghans, and for years afterwards fought them for its retention. The last big battle between Sikh and Afghan was fought close to the mouth of the Khaiber Pass in 1835, in which the Sikhs though victorious lost their Commander, General Hari Singh, after whom is still named a tower in the stony plain near to Fort Jamrud. When the British passed to and fro during their occupation of Kabul, in the early forties, the Sikh Governor of Peshawur was the Italian in the service of Runjhit Singh, General Avitabile, a ruthless, strong, and cunning man, who alone could manage the turbulent population of that city.

This city of Peshawur being surrounded almost entirely by independent tribal, I had almost said robber, hills, contains a population drawn from the whole of Central Asia, and the descendants of the scum of armies for the last thousand years. Into it come, their arms deposited at border posts, as many of the robber tribes as wish to trade or do a roguery, and the police who keep that city in fair order are some of the best in the world. Full of hidden and illicit arms its population is as potential for evil, if times permit, as that of any city in the world, and one of the ways of keeping it in order is that of General Avitabile, of pious memory.

. . . . .

The government and the military command have ever been kept in strong hands, and when in 1857 that numerous, famous, and long faithful army of the Bengal Presidency commenced to blow up, it was at Pashawur that some of the most dramatic scenes took place. The news of the happenings at Meerut and Delhi had spread like wild-fire, and the British rule had for the moment very few friends. The whole border-side then as now licked its lips and gripped its sword and thought of loot. Seven thousand Bengal troops were leavened by a third the number of Europeans. The Commissioner of Peshawur, the famous Herbert Edwardes, and Brigadier Sidney Cotton commanding the garrison, determined to disarm three of the four native regiments stationed in Peshawur, and they did so on the early morning of the Queen's birthday, May 24, 1857, the day normally devoted to a parade of ceremony. Under the guns of the European Artillery, and in the presence of the best part of two British battalions, the arms were grounded and the troops marched off. On the heaps were found, too, the arms and spurs of some of the British officers, heart-broken and fierce to refuse belief in their men's faithlessness.

As the general and the commissioner rode from the parade profuse were the offers of assistance from tribes and headmen that poured in. *L'audace, toujours l'audace*, brought a prompt reward. A couple of weeks later a still more solemn and audacious scene was to take place. At Nowshera, twenty-four miles away, the 55th Bengal Infantry had broken into mutiny and turned on its officers. Chased by Nicholson it had been driven to the frontier hills, where in the bravery of their scarlet British uniforms they had called on the tribes to rise. But the tribes had laughed, stole their arms, made them slaves, and chased them up and down their valleys. Kipling has taken their story and based on it his yarn of the *Lost Legion* and the ghosts of a regiment that scared the border hills. A considerable number, however, were brought in prisoners by the flying column to Peshawur. Tried for mutiny 120 were sentenced to be blown from the guns. But justice was tempered with mercy, and all the younger soldiers and all Sikhs who might have been misled were eliminated, so that only forty remained to undergo the time-honoured death of mutineers in the East. It is a death that to this day is a common occurrence across the border from Peshawur to Kabul, and which almost every week is inflicted by Nadir Shah on the adherents of the late usurper of Amanullah's throne.

Blowing away from the guns is a most humane method of execution, death is instantaneous, and very different from the slow strangulation that passes for hanging in Eastern countries. It is of course terrible to contemplate and therefore efficient as a deterrent in times of terrible upheaval. The criminal is lashed to the wheels by wrist and ankle, his back against the muzzle of the gun, the pieces fly, the head goes vertically up and falls again on the gunners. Not long ago the Amir of Kabul, in a fit of economy, ordered that the noonday gun fired from the Deh Khojah heights should also execute a criminal. But the villagers below who took their midday meal in their gardens protested. The pieces at meal times incommoded them.

The punishment parade at Peshawur in 1857 took place on the general parade ground. All the troops, armed and disarmed, were present and the brigadier rode on to the ground under a salute of guns to show that come what may the British rule was perturbed by nothing, and then the forty miserables, that had once been proud British sepoys, salaaming to the guns, went to their death. And all the Frontier applauded the men who knew their own minds, and flocked to join the levies being raised to retake Delhi from the mutinous army. A dour story and a dour time. Farther south less vigour brought its horrible harvest of massacres and murders, for an army gone sour is a terrible thing.

So Peshawur still faced the Khaiber and saw the second Afghan War and many Frontier troubles, till in 1919 mad Amanullah invaded India. The Peshawur Division had marched to the Khaiber to meet him. The Government of India, feeble enough at that time, had allowed a revolutionary committee of intelligentsia to vapour and intrigue. With the Afghan agent it had invited the tribes to come down and seize the city. But more troops were coming through; the city was surrounded, the ringleaders arrested, and the city saved, for the spirit of those who rule Peshawur stands as it stood in '57. At the end of this April last, when the Royal Garhwalis, Royal because of their splendid war service, refused to obey orders, they were forthwith disarmed and marched away to entrain lock, stock, and barrel under escort within eight hours, victims to the absurd weakness of their rulers in allowing open sedition to be preached. But at Peshawur there is no room for hesitation.

WHERE NONE MAY FEAR OR HESITATE: A bird's-eye view of Peshawur

THE POET LAUREATE: Mr. John Masefield

The POET-LAUREATESHIP

Although on the death of Dr. Robert Bridges many people echoed in their own words the sentiment expressed by Gibbon on the death of Dr. Thomas Warton in 1790, that "This is the best time for not filling up the office, when the Prince is a man of virtue and the poet just departed was a man of genius," the appointment of Mr. John Masefield as the official poet of the Empire makes a historical retrospect of the post at once interesting and topical.

While minstrels undoubtedly attached themselves or were attached to the Court, as they were to the noble houses, and sang the exploits of their patrons, we must wait until the compilation of Domesday Book to discover that one Berdic was described as "Joculator Regis," while in the reign of Henry I, Rahere, who founded the monastery of St. Bartholomew and with it the great hospital of that name, was the "King's minstrel." When, later in the twelfth century, Richard the Lion-Hearted went on the crusade to Palestine he took with him William the Foreigner to sing his exploits, a course Edward I adopted with Robert Batson, a Carmelite friar, when he went to Scotland in 1304. Edward IV appointed John Kaye his "versificator," while John Skelton styled himself "Poeta Laureatus" in the headings of the Latin poems he wrote in the reign of Henry VIII, the term applied to those who had earned the laurel wreath at one of the universities for rhetoric and versification in Latin or was an acknowledged poet.

From the fact that Queen Elizabeth gave Spenser an annuity of £50 a year, against which Lord Burghley, as Lord Treasurer, protested, it has been generally assumed that the pension carried with it the poet laureateship, a fact denied by the Rev. Dr. Fowler in his article in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. Be this as it may, it is known that James I granted Samuel Daniel, his laureate, a yearly salary of 100 marks, and in 1630 Charles I raised the salary of "Rare Ben Jonson," who succeeded Daniel, to £100 a year, with an annual grant of a tierce of canary wine, to be taken out of the King's store. James II, ever a prig, discontinued the allowance of wine, but it was allowed later on, and continued until the grant was commuted for £27 a year, either in the laureateship of Henry James Pye or when Southey was appointed to the office in 1813, after Sir Walter Scott had refused it.

Southey accepted the office only on condition that he should be excused the drudgery of composing royal birthday odes, and the innovation was confirmed when Sir Robert Peel assured Wordsworth that no official verses would be required, a concession which induced the poet to withdraw his previous refusal of the post. Tennyson who had the longest reign as laureate, from 1850 to 1892, and in that time produced some of the poetry which the English language will not willingly let die, proved in his welcome to the much-loved Queen Alexandra that a laureate can combine real poetry with felicitous expression and courtly grace.

R. de C.

OUTBURST of Exhibitions on the Continent, Antwerp, and Paris

THE PAVILION OF THE BELGIAN CONGO: An imposing feature of the Antwerp Exhibition, which is to Belgium what the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley was to the United Kingdom

OLD BELGIUM: A picturesque corner of the Antwerp Exhibition, celebrating a century of independence

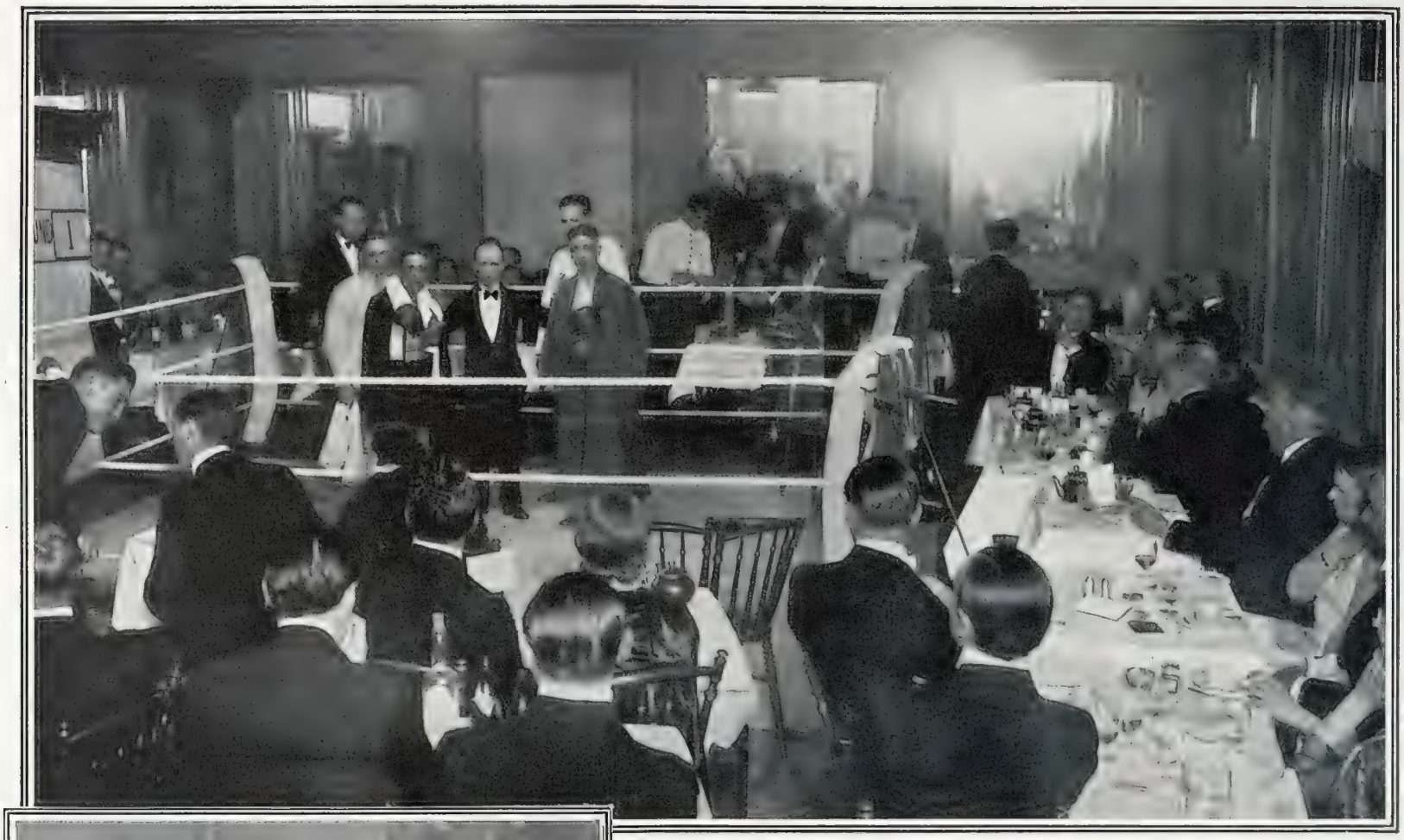
DIAMOND INDUSTRY PAVILION: Representing a great Dutch trade

THE COLONIAL EXHIBITION AT VINCENNES: Soon to be opened, this Exhibition is still under construction. Above is the gigantic staircase of the imposing and ornate Temple of Angkor. *Inset* is the substructure of the Mosque, that forms another notable feature of what promises to be a fascinating Exhibition

IN THE STYLE OF 1830: "Old Belgium," a realistic township, complete in every detail, with inhabitants garbed in the costume of 1830, is a novel feature of the great Belgian Centenary Exhibition of Independence at Antwerp. Experts have copied old buildings from all parts of Belgium and incorporated them in their own town, which is built on the old ramparts of Antwerp. Actors in costume increase the *vraisemblance*

LONDON AMUSES ITSELF *in a* NOVEL MANNER.

The Latest Craze Amongst the Smart Set is to Dine at a Chic Supper Club where, without Moving from One's Seat, One can Witness a Series of Clean Boxing Contests Staged on the Dance Floor



RINGSIDE SEATS IN ALBEMARLE STREET: A scene in the Club, where a very novel idea has been evolved for the amusement of Londoners in search of thrills

The Bat is the smart dinner-dance-supper club of the moment in Albemarle Street, which has evolved a novel idea for the amusement of its patrons. Each Monday evening, during and after dinner (and before the dancing begins), boxing contests are staged on the dance floor, on which a full-size ring is erected. The undoubted novelty of the whole idea has attracted many leading members of London's "smart set." The boxing is excellent

INTERESTED SPECTATORS AT THE BAT CLUB: Where one dines and wines to the sound of hefty punches

ANOTHER SCENE DURING LAST MONDAY'S BOXING EVENING: With each table crowded with men and women spectators whose dinner-hour was enlivened with exhibitions of the "noble art of self-defence"

MADAME THE DIRECTOR: Elinor Glyn producing a scene at Elstree in her Talkie "The Price of Things." Mrs. Glyn is directing in the spy scene the Hon. David Herbert who plays Galvani

A LADY OF SILKS WEARS COTTON: Lady Diana Duff Cooper with her son, John Julius, in the garments they bought to support Lancashire Cotton Week — a great effort to stimulate trade

THE BEST-DRESSED WOMAN IN CANADA: Miss Doria March, who has the above-named reputation, is playing the leading rôle in the British Talkie under production at Twickenham based on Broadbridge's "Moorland Terror"

The GLORY that was PEKIN IS DEAD

Another Example of the Tragedy of a Deserted Capital with its Former Aristocracy Reduced to Beggary

By LAWRENCE IMPEY

SOLD IN THE STREETS OF PEKIN BY IMPOVERISHED OWNERS: An example of the household treasures now being vended in Pekin—a second Petersburg

Historians tell us that as long ago as 1100 B.C. (about the date of the siege of Troy) there was a city called Chi which occupied approximately the same site as does the present Pekin. But China at that time was split up into half-a-dozen warring States, and the provincial capital of Chi was captured, sacked, and partially destroyed by Han, T'ang, and Chin armies long before the great Kublai Khan became emperor of a united China and built Khanbalyk where Pekin now stands. This was in 1267, and the Mongol dynasty lasted almost exactly one hundred years, for it was in 1368 that Chu Yuan-chang, a Buddhist priest, rebelled against the degenerate descendants of Kublai Khan and founded the famous Ming dynasty, moving the capital southward from Pekin (northern capital) to Nanking (southern capital). Therefore it is that Chinese soothsayers believe that history is once more repeating itself, and that just as Yung Lo of the Ming dynasty came northward once more and finally established Pekin as the capital of China in 1409 A.D., so the Nationalist Government that has transferred all the Ministries and their archives to Nanking will eventually be compelled to retrace their steps and recreate the now slowly perishing "Northern Capital."

Let us see what has actually happened to Pekin, now more generally referred to as "The City of the Dead," and how it has come about. In the first place, when the victorious Nationalists entered the capital they were by no means sure how long they could maintain their hold on the city or on North China as a whole, although the assassination of Marshal Chang Tso-lin during his retreat to Manchuria relieved them of one grave anxiety. So the Nanking regime sent urgent orders to their representatives with the armies, and within a week of the capture of Pekin all the Ministries were being systematically denuded of their archives and even furniture, which was shipped southward with all possible speed. This action not only left Pekin an empty shell from the political point of view, but it also turned out into the streets to starve all the minor employees of the governmental bureaux, estimated with their families and dependants to number over one hundred thousand. That this is no impossible figure is vouched for by the Chairman of the Chinese Chamber of Commerce, who stated recently that at the present time more than a quarter of the population of Pekin (police census, 1,150,000) are unemployed and rapidly nearing destitution.

There is little doubt that these former governmental officials and their families are practically penniless, for the past few months has seen a steadily increasing number of houses to let or for sale and a corresponding decrease in the rentals of those that are still occupied. For the past fifteen years the conditions of life for Manchus resident here have grown steadily worse, until whenever one passes an old palace or other fine building with the walls crumbling into ruin, the roof collapsing through its rotting timbers, and grass and weeds growing over all, one is fairly safe in saying as one notes a little trickle of smoke from the doorway that denotes present occupancy, "There lives another poor devil of a Manchu."

And now this state of affairs is likely to become general in Pekin owing to the removal of the capital; one may say that Time has in some measure avenged the exiled Ch'ing dynasty and its Manchu bannermen on the very people who supplanted them. The destitution of all these former officials and their households has already reacted throughout the economic system of Pekin, so that now there are thousands of rickshaw-pullers and other coolies out of jobs, with a consequent shortage of business for all kinds of shops. The Chamber of Commerce estimates that more than three thousand shops have already closed down, and this in spite of the fact that by Chinese custom it is impossible for a business to suspend operations without the permission of the police, and this has in many cases been withheld. So bitter has been the economic pressure under these circumstances that many shopkeepers have committed suicide rather than face their creditors, while there is such a scarcity of money in all ranks of life that the sale of curios, books, furniture, etc., or the purchase of anything beyond the barest necessities of life, has become virtually impossible. The writer has visited many Chinese and Manchu households recently where bitter need has compelled the sale of family heirlooms in the open market, for the simple reason that no curio-dealer or private connoisseur had sufficient means in hand to enable him to purchase these treasured possessions.

Sacrificial vessels from the family shrine, ivory figures of the guardian gods, lacquered and ivory screens to hinder the entrance of evil spirits into the house, gold-engraved tablets bringing good luck and long life to the fortunate possessor, all these are brought out and paraded before the disparaging eye of the possible buyer by the pitifully eager head of the house or one of his sons, while the women of the family hover anxiously and with agonised whisperings in the background. "We have had no meat for nearly a fortnight," said one such victim of Nationalist Government, "but at least," he added, "we have not had to sell our daughters, as have had other families whom we know in Pekin." A pitiable picture, like so many other pictures which might be drawn of conditions in China to-day, and one wonders as one passes down the main streets with their hundreds of shuttered shops, or down the side hutungs with their hundreds of "To let or for sale" notices affixed to the doors of the houses, what will be the end of it all?

The answer to the query is not yet apparent, and the writer has, in company with many other foreigners, endeavoured to beguile the time of waiting in the purchase of those curios which are so temptingly to be found on every hand.

A GROUP OF FIVE OF THE EIGHTEEN BUDDHIST "ICHANS," small ivory figures of comparatively recent workmanship. The one on the left has his begging-bowl before him, while next to him is one who imprisons evil spirits in an incense-burner of which he presses down the lid. The third holds in his hand the pearl of immortality, which the dragon at his feet endeavours to reach; this is the most common representation in Chinese mythology. The other two, with their tiger and frog respectively, present no particular points of interest

CHINA GOES ATHLETIC: General Chiang Kai-shek addresses a crowd of 20,000 at the opening of the Chinese National Athletic Meet at Hangchow

Lady DRUMMOND-HAY writes of

WORLD AFFAIRS

An intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

THE LAND OF THE RISING—FOOTLIGHTS.—A company of thirty Japanese has been engaged by Mr. Charles Cochran to present Japanese plays at the Globe Theatre on June 23. Their number includes Tokujiro Tsutsui, claimed to be Japan's foremost actor, Kiyoshi Nimasu, famous tragedian, and six actresses. London will witness more than mere novelty. The theatre in Japan is one of the most vital expressions of national tradition and culture. Japanese are ardent playgoers, re-living history and legend in the ancient Kabuki drama, spiritual mystery in the "No" plays and dances, borrowed from mythology and Buddhism. They look for a mirror of their times in drama, satire, and comedy depicting modern life and problems. Until recently men impersonated women on the stage, but now so sure a foothold have women on the boards that the Imperial Theatre, Tokio, considers July as the "actresses' month," when all the regular woman artistes appear in programmes assisted by a few male stars. Prejudice against the stage as a career for girls dies slowly. Pioneers from the aristocracy are headed by Miss Yuriko Tomatsu, daughter of a peer, who insisted upon fulfilling her own life and has gone on the Japanese stage.

Contrasting with the west, where winter is the "ghost season," ghost plays are most popular in summer in Japan. The hot months always produce a crop of gruesome ghost and thrilling mystery stories in the press and magazines.

A couple of years ago a Japanese rendering of the Oberammergau Passion Play was produced in Tokio, written by Koryoku Sato, played by non-Christians to enthusiastic and deeply-impressed Japanese audiences. Such success attended the drama of *The Christ*, as it was called, that within a month or so of the first performance three touring companies were organized. While it is possible for Japanese artistes successfully to borrow, even with the minimum of adaptation, western drama and characters, no western player could aspire to the tradition, artistry, and peculiar technique of the Japanese actor. Acting in the Flowery Land is an hereditary vocation. Great actors like Danjuro Ichikawa, Kikugoro Onoye, and Sadanji Ichikawa were the product of generations of Japanese stage families.

"VIA FERRI."—Rail and wheel, automobile and aeroplane, may be robbing travel of much picturesqueness and personal adventure, but modern transport is responsible for introducing modern man and woman to a romance undreamed by their predecessors. Camel and caravan, trek and trudge blazed trails formerly to be followed only by the privileged or hardy. Now almost every month registers some milestone in the progress of our mechanized civilization.

The Shah of Persia, ruler of a mysterious land until now boasting only six miles of railway, recently inaugurated the ninety-mile southern section of the projected thousand-mile route between Khur Musa on the Persian Gulf and the Caspian Sea. This railway, which is being built by American contractors at tremendous cost, will not only open up Persia, the "Rose Garden of the World," to the tourist, but eventually will relieve the sleepy, rhythmic caravan of its burthen of wool, hides, fruits, and spices.

The French government is considering the construction of a Trans-Saharan railway, to link up the Mediterranean with French West Africa, eventually to be connected with railways of the Belgian Congo and South Africa. That will put "Darkest Africa" on the tourist map, and carry the traveller in speedy comfort to the desert, jungle, pygmy-land, Timbuctoo, or any other point of fiction-like inaccessibility. The Cape to Cairo dream is rapidly materializing.

From Calais to China, through the nerve-centres of western civilization and the vast steppes of mysterious Russia to Celestial Cathay, the Iron Road brings West to meet East and East to the West. Less than three weeks ago the Soviet government finished a 928-mile track linking Siberia and Turkestan, an important step towards developing and modernizing some of the almost unknown regions of Asia. The International Syndicate of the Trans-Balkan Railway recently submitted a proposal to the Greek government to build a railway from Durazzo to Constantinople, a Balkan link and short cut between Europe and the far east.

Frozen Lapland, until lately inaccessible during the long, white winters of the north, is being increasingly penetrated by post and passenger motor-coach. The latest enterprise of the Swedish government is a 190-mile road service between Solleteaa and Jorn, a village in the Lapland Alps.

King Amanullah, always ambitious for progress in the east, has associated himself, according to reports, with a German company which has obtained a monopoly of the Afghanistan railways, and Italian backing. They plan to link up Persia, Turkey, Afghanistan, and the Central Asiatic Soviet Republics.

GANDHI—THE THORN OF THE ENGLISH ROSE.—With the arrest of Mahatma Gandhi, Hindu saint and nationalist leader, the rising tide of rebellion against British rule in India entered an advanced crucial stage.

That the Viceroy, Lord Irwin, and the government of India were reluctant to take this step has been obvious. This very reluctance reflected something like conviction that the arrest of Gandhi would be a mistake. Urged by a portion of the London press—perhaps too far away correctly to estimate possible consequences—pressed by British newspapers in India, Lord Irwin took the step behind which a gigantic question mark looms at this writing. That the government of India first secured the tacit or formal approval of the imperial Labour government in London must be taken for granted.

If the arrest of Gandhi at this late day is a mistake, it may prove to be a very costly one.

The spirit agitating India can scarcely now be confined in prisons. Bars and chains will, at this stage, hardly fetter a national IDEA which seizes a people at such psychological moments.

The situation recalls to mind the precedent of Saad Pasha Zaghloul of Egypt, who was arrested and exiled by the British only to be released, returned to Cairo as martyr and the nation's idol, and raised to be Egyptian Prime Minister.

Gandhi is known throughout the world as an impractical idealist. But no less as a saintly figure, unselfish and incorruptible. In India he is a holy man. His health is not good. Should he die while deprived of liberty nothing in the world will convince the Hindu masses that he was not poisoned or put out of the way.

To make of Gandhi a martyr is to play with fire.

It is to be assumed that Lord Irwin has taken all this into consideration.

We should not need to be so concerned were it not that the history of almost every subject nation which finally achieved independence is full of blunders, miscalculations, or bad judgment on the part of its former rulers. The arrest of Gandhi can at the best only retard the movement in India for self-government. At the worst—accelerate it.

The story of the situation in India to-day is the story of disappointment, of inaction, of vacillation, of hopes held out that have not been realized—of promises that had better not been given. It is months since the Simon Commission returned from India. But neither the public in England nor in India know what measures of self-government the Simon Commission report recommends. In the meantime, events have moved faster than the Commission.

Once again we see the man making history not history making the man. In India two men are making history—Mahatma Gandhi and Lord Irwin—the east challenging the dominion of the west.

The result will reverberate throughout Asia.

THE MUSSOLINI MARRIAGE.—Royal marriages are often anything but romantic and popular, despite fairy-tale fiction. Political unions frequently less so. But the recent wedding of Signorina Edda Mussolini, only daughter of the Italian Dictator, to Count Galeazzo Ciano, son of the Italian Minister of Communications, was not only a real love-match between the two young people, but extraordinarily pleasing to all Italians. I was in Rome at the time, and it surprised me to hear, even from the anti-Fascist element, such sincere approval of the union and expressions of heart-felt good wishes for the Duce's daughter.

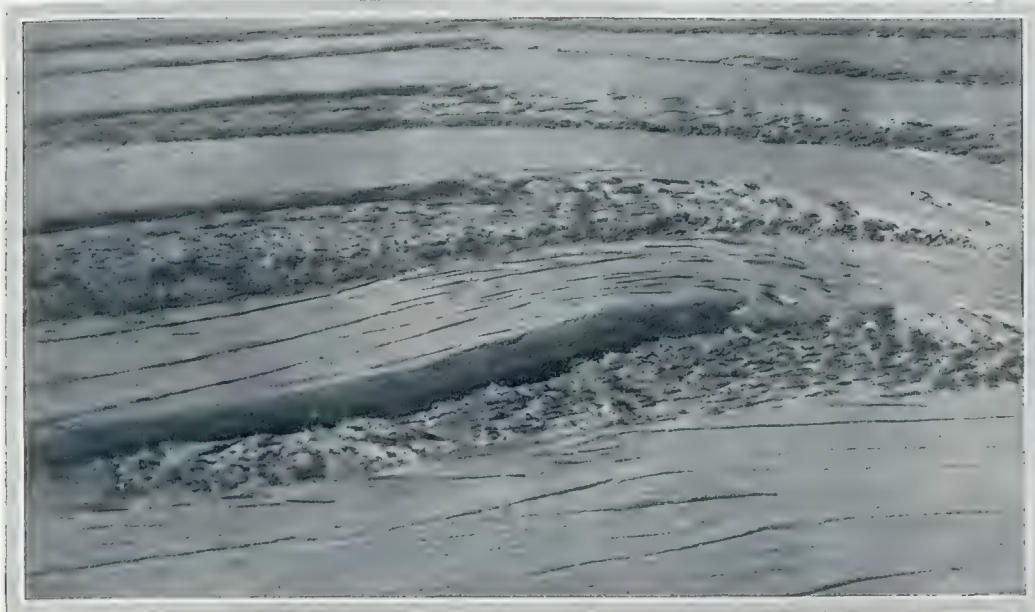
The anti-Fascists are naturally politically anti-Mussolini, but they admire his daughter as a fine type of modern young Italian womanhood. Young Count Ciano is the son of an old friend and colleague of the Duce. Edda Mussolini was known to be of independent character, strong-willed like her father. So no matter what influence first brought the couple together, only real romance could have achieved the engagement and marriage. That pleased the Italians. They were pleased, too, that Mussolini did not make a political pawn or stepping-stone of ambition out of his daughter by marrying her into a royal family, which he could have done. Fathers in Italy felt at one with the Duce in this matter. Girls and women in Italy thrilled with the bride. Politics had no place in the people's thoughts as Mussolini, the twentieth-century Julius Cæsar, gave his only daughter into the keeping of the man she loved. Italy saw only a father and daughter at the cross-roads.

Countess Ciano, as she is now, is a keen sportswoman. She told friends that she does not mean to allow marriage to spell renunciation of her riding, swimming, and outdoor recreations, as often happens in the case of Italian girls. The Countess believes that health and exercise are duties. Though still young, she has travelled farther and more than most of her compatriots, rejoicing that her husband's diplomatic profession will take them into the wider world. Art, literature, and above all, music, are her interests. Private Sunday concerts have been for years a feature of the Duce's home life. Himself a fine musician, Mussolini enjoys leading the talented little family orchestra. He delights in guiding his children's tastes, and is devoted to them. But Edda was more than child to him, she was his comrade.

THE FIRST JAPANESE THEATRE IN EUROPE: A young actress of Nippon makes up for a performance at the Theatre Pigalle, Paris, the initial locale of the European tour of the Japanese company

With BYRD in the ANTARCTIC

"The Sphere" Continues its Pictorial Record of the Great South Polar Effort in and Around Little America



TRAP FOR THE UNWARY: This crevasse, encountered 150 miles south of Admiral Byrd's Little America camp, is in the same area as the crevasses which troubled Amundsen seventeen years ago when on his famous journey to the South Pole. These crevasses are formed by the ice not flowing but cracking as it falls over the submerged sloping ground, probably 1,000 ft. beneath

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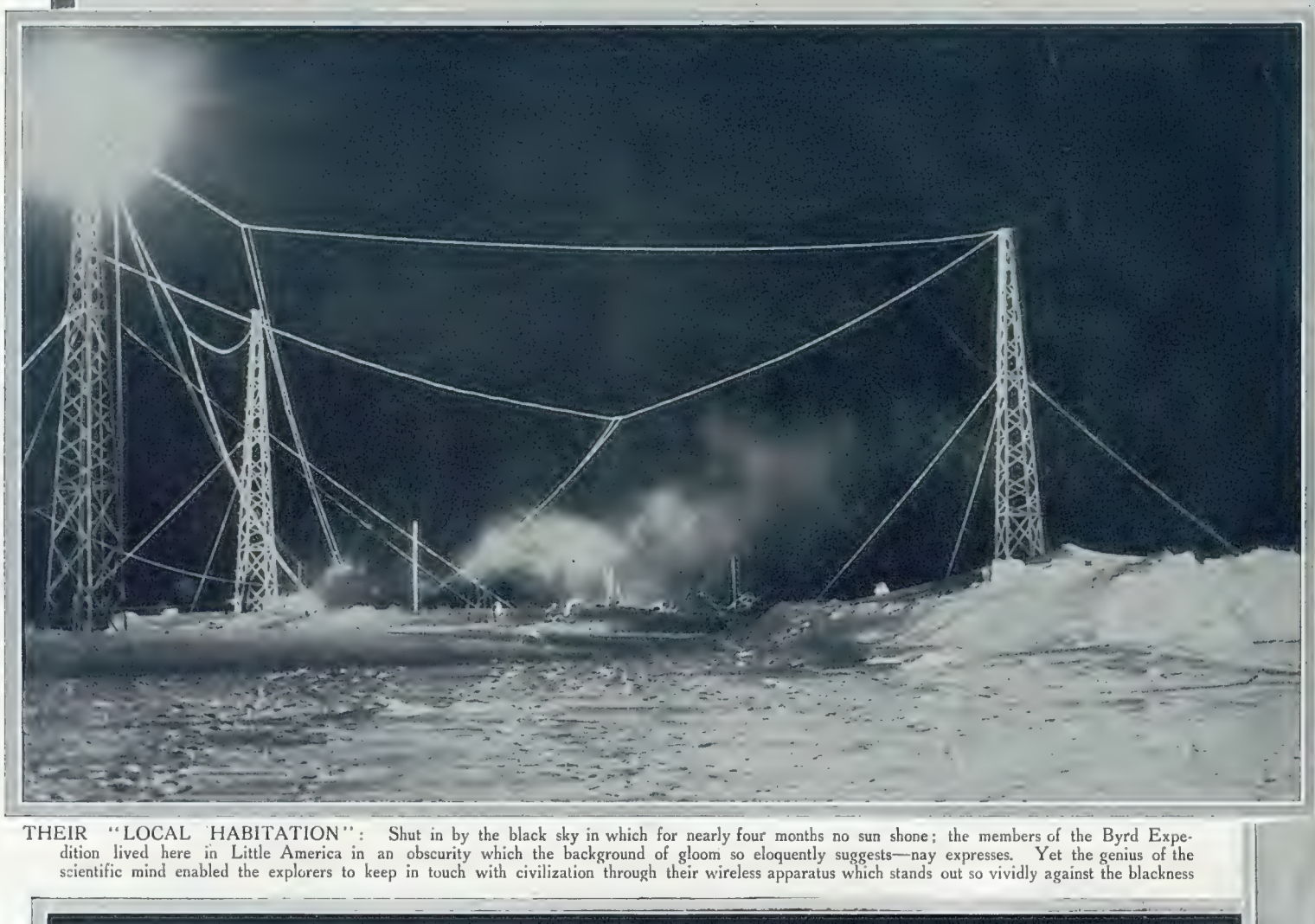
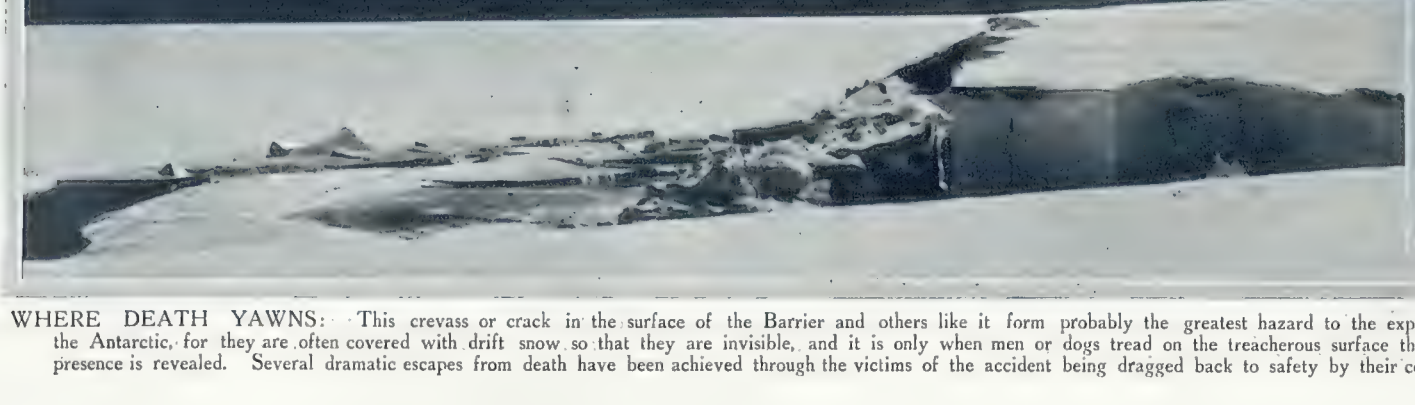
WHEN THE SPRING SUN RISES: With the rising of the sun in spring the ice which has formed along the shore breaks up. The remarkable rectangular way in which this occurs is probably caused by a slight swell or by the sea rolling into the bay. The extraordinary contrast in colour between the sea and the ice cannot fail to be noted, the black being the sea, which, although indigo-blue or olive-green, deceives the camera as it does the human eye. *Inset on right* is a great berg which late last December drifted into the east side of the Bay of Whales. It has obviously broken off the barrier and fallen over on its side. The surface, which slopes to the sea, was originally level with the rest of the Barrier surface. *Inset above on right*—The snow-mobile driver on his return to camp

With BYRD in the ANTARC



THEIR "LOCAL HABITATION": Shut in by the black sky in which for nearly four months no sun shone; the members of the Byrd Expedition lived here in Little America in an obscurity which the background of gloom so eloquently suggests—nay expresses. Yet the genius of the scientific mind enabled the explorers to keep in touch with civilization through their wireless apparatus which stands out so vividly against the blackness



WHERE DEATH YAWNS: This crevass or crack in the surface of the Barrier and others like it form probably the greatest hazard to the explorer in the Antarctic, for they are often covered with drift snow so that they are invisible, and it is only when men or dogs tread on the treacherous surface that their presence is revealed. Several dramatic escapes from death have been achieved through the victims of the accident being dragged back to safety by their comrades

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TIC: "The Sphere's" Special Section Delineating Various Facets and Phases of Life in the South Polar Wastes

WITH A CAMERA: With all the paraphernalia for recording the scenes of marvellous beauty they encountered securely packed on the sledges, this photographic party traverses the slope which leads from the Barrier to the Bay ice. The scene is itself worthy of recording, with its team of husky dogs, the forward man on snow shoes exerting considerable force to prevent the sledge to which the heavy boat is securely lashed sliding too fast. The cliff of ice is formed of fresh water, while that before it is of shattered sea-water ice

AND THE CLIPPED: Two of the and Harold June removing each others "face beard is extremely disagreeable in polar moisture of the breath forms icicles on it, and in them off, the hair would be torn out by the roots

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MASSES OF CREVASSES: Into this desolate scene on the Barrier, between Little America Camp and the Queen Maude Range of Mountains, the explorers engaged in geological research penetrated, with the dog teams carrying their impedimenta. Grave danger attended them, for, as the picture shows, the whole area is heavily crevassed, and as the party crossed, their footsteps were dogged by death, since crevasses may be very deep, a 100 ft. being not uncommon

While each picture reproduced above has an interest of its own, particular attention is directed to that entitled "Where Death Yawns." The black background is not, as might be supposed at first sight, the sea, but the sky, which thus has reflected on it the surface of the water beneath it. So striking is this phenomenon that, on occasions, when he was a member of the Shackleton Expedition, Commander Worsley, D.S O., was able to steer his course for fifty miles ahead by it.

TO DESERT ISLANDS

with WALTER de la MARE

and other Bookish Matters of the Week

By JAMES LAVER

The Drift of Civilization (George Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net), is a formidable title. It is also a formidable thing, and to realize how formidable we have only to reflect that a very few years ago the use of the word "drift" in such a connection would have seemed rank blasphemy. Civilization did not drift, it progressed. So thought the undisillusioned Victorians, but we have lost their sublime confidence. It no longer satisfies us to know that the train which bears us along is travelling ever faster and faster. We want to know where it is going.

The proprietors of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*—American newspapers, like French hotels, always have double names—were enterprising enough to ask nearly a score of eminent men for their opinions, and their contributions are here reprinted in one handy volume. The opinions, as might have been expected, are as varied as the minds of the contributors, which include Einstein and Sir Philip Gibbs, Maxim Gorky and Stephen Leacock, Bertrand Russell and the Dean of St. Paul's. The result is perhaps more interesting than enlightening, for the reader cannot possibly agree with all of them. For Professor James Harvey Robinson the material achievements of science are sufficient basis for optimism; for (should it be) Comrade Martin Andersen Nexö the happiness of the world is ensured by the revolt of the proletariat. It is significant that the two optimists are Russian and American. Personally I found Mr. J. B. S. Haldane's essay on "The Scientific Point of View" one of the best in the book. Sir Philip Gibbs—with the best motives in the world of course—wants to make our flesh creep. In his account of the destructiveness of the next war he certainly succeeds.

G. B. S. AND H. A. J.: Two notable figures in English letters—an illustration from "The Life and Letters of Henry Arthur Jones," reviewed on this page

Another attempt to present the public with a potted version of modern thought is found in *Glimpses of the Great*, by George Sylvester Viereck (Duckworth. 21s. net). The book is excellent journalism, that is to say, it selects some thirty celebrities who stand, as the author says, "In a symbolic relation to their age," and it sets down, as fairly and accurately as possible, what they stand for. The effect of confusion is inevitable, but it is the fault of the age and not of the author.

The interviewer has been tireless in tracking down his prey, and the "bag" is representative enough of the fauna of political and intellectual Europe. Clemenceau, Foch, the ex-Kaiser, and the Queen of the Belgians, Joffre and Hindenburg, all have an opportunity of stating their case; while in the world of ideas, Schrenck-Notzing and Moll pooh-pooh one another's attitude to Para-Psychology (what the world calls spiritualism), Voronoff vies with Steinach in the search for the elixir of life, Arthur Schnitzler competes with Gerhart Hauptmann, while Count Herman Keyserling tells the world—some very interesting things. In one particular the book is one-sided. The Grand Duke Alexander is representative of Russia, but not of the Russia which is occupying our thoughts at the moment. Why not an interview with Stalin, or if he was inaccessible (I can't believe anybody could escape the author's persistence), was not the exiled Trotsky available? Where so much is given it is perhaps ungrateful to clamour for more. The book is not profound, but it is brilliant journalism, and almost terrifyingly competent.

Competent, alas, is not an adjective which can be applied to *Kings, Courts, and Society: Recollections of a Veteran* (Jarrolds. 18s. net). The last book mentioned contained a portrait of Shaw, but then the author had something interesting to say about him. The "Veteran" also reproduces a portrait of Shaw, but his only reference to the dramatist is a vague hint that he was once swindled by a "well-educated, plausible scoundrel who spoke English like a native." He does not even tell the story. There is a photograph of the late Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and in the text he is referred to as "that Gigadiles of politics and Society." *Voila tout!* "Recollections" may be vulgar and trivial enough, but let them at least be recollections.

There is too much of "I could an if I would" about this book, but even its lack of information cannot conceal the appalling triviality of the author's mind. He talks a great deal of complacent nonsense about Eton and Oxford being "born in the top drawer," etc., and he surpasses himself in the following paragraph:

"Recently I amused myself by running through a list of householders in the district between South Audley Street and Belgrave Square, and amongst them were the son of a Yorkshire blacksmith, the granddaughter of a Dublin shop assistant, an ex-barmaid, a bookmaker's clerk, a recruit to the peerage from the servants' hall, and a former private in a Guards regiment who was bought out of the army by the wealthy woman, herself an ex-cook, who married him." Such are the amusements of the Veteran, and such the stuff of which his book is made!

Kitchener, by Brigadier-General C. R. Ballard (Faber and Faber. 18s. net) is a model of what military biography should be. Kitchener's reputation has suffered in recent years, and the final estimate of his part in the World War has yet to be made. There can be no doubt of his previous achievements in Egypt, South Africa, and India, and to the last war he brought, if nothing else, the inspiration of a great reputation, a bulwark against panic, and a guarantee to the British public that everything one man could do was being done. General Ballard is not uncritical, he is extremely well informed, and he provides seventeen maps. The book is very well printed, even by Messrs. Faber and Faber's standard, which is conspicuously high.

They have recently had the happy inspiration of employing Mr. Rex Whistler to decorate some of their books. The reproductions of his copper-plates which adorn *Desert Islands*, by Walter de la Mare (Faber and Faber. 21s. net) are a delight in themselves, but the book itself is delightful, not only to handle and to look at but to read. It is difficult to describe it. It is about desert islands, but so much the title tells us. Mr. de la Mare has clothed the subject in that mysterious atmosphere which he alone knows how to produce. The dry soil of the island puts forth exotic blossoms and the shattered masts of the ship sparkle with St. Elmo's fire. And who better than Mr. Whistler could be found to illustrate its curious blend of the actual and the fantastic, the matter-of-fact Crusoe and the strangeness of his fate?

Perhaps strangeness is most apparent when some matter-of-fact figure stands before it to point the contrast. Who could be more mid-Victorian in appearance, more Puritan in intention, than Brigham Young, yet he had nearly a score of wives, and led the Latter Day Saints across the desert to found Salt Lake City. One of his surviving daughters (he had nearly sixty children, and nearly a hundred of his grandsons fought in the Great War) has written his life—*Brigham Young*, by Susa Young Gates (Jarrold. 18s. net). The book, being written by a daughter is in the nature of a vindication, but indeed polygamy is the only thing in his career that needs vindicating. The courage, the endurance, even the political wisdom and organizing ability of the Mormon leader can hardly be called in question. One might have desired a more critical consideration of the place of Mormonism in the history of religions, but that, from a believer, can hardly be expected. Young was that recurring figure, the statesman who follows the prophet. It is an irony of history that the achievement of the Mormons might have passed unnoticed but for their plurality of wives, which, by the way, was definitely abandoned in 1890.

AN ARTIST ILLUSTRATES A POET: Mr. Rex Whistler's cover design to "Desert Islands," by Walter de la Mare, reviewed below

The disadvantages of filial biography are shown to some extent in *The Life and Letters of Henry Arthur Jones*, by Doris Arthur Jones (Gollancz. 25s. net). Some of the letters are not very interesting, but the story of Jones's life forms a definite chapter in the history of the British theatre, and was well worth writing. Isn't it time someone revived *The Silver King*? It is strange that a life of Henry Arthur Jones should appear simultaneously with a book devoted to the works of his great rival—or fellow-pillar of the theatre of the 'nineties—*Sir Arthur Pinero's Plays and Players*, by Hamilton Fyfe (Benn. 15s. net). The plays are dealt with fully and critically, and the author, while emphasizing Pinero's technique, has no hesitation in explaining his limitations—his lack of interest in character, his somewhat shallow philosophy, and his stilted dialogue. Still he was a great figure. The illustrations are extremely interesting.

briefly commended

Horace Walpole, by *Lewis Melville.* **(Hutchinson. 18s. net.)**—A fine historical portrait of the man of inaction. He neither fought nor ran away; he did not ride nor hunt nor shoot nor game. Though an aristocrat of the eighteenth century he did not even fulfil the last of Byron's quintette of lordly pursuits. Mr. Melville infuses life into the now dead but ever icy veins.

The Crusades—Iron Men and Saints, by *Harold Lamb.* **(Thornton Butterworth. 10s. 6d. net.)**—The biographer of the two mighty Mongol conquerors—Tamerlane and Genghis Khan—has discovered an almost virgin field to plough. The harvest of his patient toil has blossomed in a fascinating book that the sower has milled into bread for the student.

The Mind of the Murderer, by *Dr. Harold Dearden.* **(Bles. 10s. 6d. net.)**—A distinguished psychologist on his chosen ground can be either a bore or an enthralling companion. Dr. Dearden is not a bore. The complexes, reflexes, passions, and perversions in the psyche of many murderers are ruthlessly yet sympathetically exposed and explained.

Loyal India—A Survey of Seventy Years, 1858–1928, by *Percy H. Dumbell.* **(Constable. 12s. net.)**—From the Mutiny to the Simon Commission, Government in India has had a hard row to hoe. The tale of its endeavours, showing its difficulties, its dilemmas, its toils, and its triumphs, in translating the animating ideal from benevolent despotism to responsible Government within the Empire is a tale to thrill every patriot and rivet the attention of every student. Many of the despatches are quoted *verbatim*.

The Land of the Pepper Bird, by *Sidney de la Rue.* **(Putnam. 15s. net.)**—This somewhat esoteric title stands for Liberia, the Black Republic, where the author spent many years as Financial Adviser. All phases of the country are treated of and interestingly described, from the flora and fauna to the economic problems and the religious customs. The last are especially exciting, verging as they do on Black Magic.

Works of Congreve—Comedies: Incognita: Poems—Edited by *F. W. Bateson.* **(Davies. 7s. 6d. net.)**—The wittiest of the Restoration dramatists had his weak moments, and the Editor has skilfully selected those examples of the writer's genius most free of them. The poems and Incognita are things the world could well forgo, but the modernized text of the plays is a valuable contribution to the compiled classics.

SOME NEW STUDIES *from* MASAI-LAND

A recent Expedition from Kansas is shooting in the African wilds with gun and camera

A MASAI BELLE: This heavily-ornamented, magnificently-formed beauty of Africa has a definitely classically Egyptian (Hamitic) cast of countenance

AQUATIC TRANSPORT IN UGANDA: A member of a recent expedition in search of camera studies of a hippopotamus. The strange prow of the native boat is characteristic of the particular territory from which it comes

NEITHER CROPPED NOR CUT: A Masai warrior with his hair dressed in characteristic fashion. The hair is rolled like a curved gazelle's horn and is held in place by an elaborate band of cord under the chin

PINET OF THE BUSH: A native porter is measured for a new pair of sandals cut from the hide of a newly-killed buffalo. The characteristic space between the great toe and the rest of the foot caused by the thong of the foot-gear, is marked on the left foot of the shoemaker. *Inset above*—A MFIUMI FLAPPER: She has a treasured "fag," given her by a member of the expedition, above her heavily chained ear

C. R. W. NEVINSON defends

"THE FAMILY OF SAFED": A striking example of the work of Rubin, a Hebrew painter of Palestine, an exhibition of whose work is attracting considerable attention and comment at Tooth's Galleries, New Bond Street

The FAITH of the MODERN ARTIST

In a recent issue of "The Sphere" Mr. Norman Hill suggested that great art would never be created until we have attained to an age of faith, with the leisure and religious inspiration such an era affords. In response to this thesis, Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson, as fearless with his pen as with his brush, states the position of the ideally situated artist of to-morrow—untrammelled by bourgeois patronage, uninfluenced by Church or State, undeterred by fashion, true only to himself and his inspiration

Mr. Norman Hill pleads for a Renaissance of Inspiration. His method of "inspiring" is typical of all Medievalists and passéists. He makes wild assertions that "only by going backwards can we hope to attain once more that height of artistic glory which was the past."

Is Modern Art without glory? I very much doubt it. I am qualified to at least hint this doubt; for years I have studied "Old Masters"—the Italians in particular—both in Europe and America. I am an expert on Modern Art in most countries. The study of other artists' work has been my only hobby for a quarter of a century, and my favourite arts have been Early Italian and Modern Art. Admittedly a great deal of ultra-Modern Art is derived entirely from primitive Italian and the Gothic. Many an unfortunate visitor realized that Cubism or geometric form was Early Italian—of course we artists knew this about twenty years ago—that arbitrary form and unrealistic colour and unrepresentative design were also Italian, and were the origin of Expressionist Art, which chooses, in common with the religious painters, formal rather than accidental or realistic treatment in order to express the emotions of the heart (faith), or the creations of the mind (creeds).

In glorifying the past, Mr. Norman Hill calmly makes the assertion that artists lack faith to-day. He can know little of Modern artists to make such a statement. He also states that the devotional works of the great Masters far eclipse the highest efforts of Modernity; this may well be owing to the degeneration of religion and belief, and the consequent leashing of inspiration. A truly astounding statement to make; after all, Blake lived in the nineteenth century, Van Gogh was surely one of the most profoundly religious men of all ages, even after he had given up his mission work amongst the Belgian miners.

Surely to-day Spencer cannot be dismissed as an artist of little faith, and it is interesting to comment that the church which he is decorating near Newbury is becoming a shrine—judging by the visitors' book—for thousands of people from all over the world. Eric Gill is not only a beautiful sculptor but a profoundly religious man. The inspiration of religion, if it be an inspiration, is certainly not dead to-day. Mr. Norman Hill condemns all painters such as the Chinese, or Velasquez, Goya, Rembrandt, the Aztecs, the Egyptians, Chardin, John, and a host of others whose finest work was not inspired by any religious subject, and whose work is equal to, and often surpasses, the work of the religious painters.

Botticelli, Raphael, Leonardo, Titian, Tintoretto, Mantegna, were just as much influenced by the pagan reaction as by the Catholic Church, Mantegna especially was more like a present-day passéist in his worship of old art, and his influence was profound, but it was pagan in origin. Though admittedly his theme was usually Christian, his inspiration was Greek and Roman. Nearly all Italian painters painted pagan pictures which were often better than the devotional ones.

Mr. Hill also blames Science. Surely the artist has always been the scientist, not only in the earliest of time but up to the present day. Uccello discovered the science of perspective; Leonardo Michelangelo was ultra-scientific; most textiles, most dyes, most scientific discoveries of casting, of construction, and distribution of weights were discovered by artists. Monet, the Impressionist, discovered the laws of the prism before the scientist. Even to-day, relativity was being discussed and argued about in connection with Cubism when I was in Paris at its birth twenty years ago, some ten years before the discoveries of Einstein; but it is, by the way, necessary to say that Einstein has announced that without a profound religious belief he would never have attempted to pursue his science—which backs up Mr. Hill's argument concerning inspiration.

However, on the other hand we have had scientists in Vienna who are trying to discover the origin of the urge to paint, to compose music, to write, to carve or cast, or to build. They affirm that all artists, past and present, are overwhelmed by, or morbidly conscious of, death, and that as beauty especially is beyond time, they attempt to create something that will long outlive themselves.

This is, as far as we can at present judge, the real urge of artistic creation, and it was shared by the patrons and employers of artists in the past. To-day much of Art has gone awry because it is drowned by democracy, which certainly does not care whether it survives, that great mass that demands the easy appeal, the pretty rather than the beautiful, the soft rather than the severe, sentimentality rather than sentiment; the Royal Academy of Raphael (Tuck) rather than the Tradition of Raphael. All are driving the 'bus but the driver, all are on the bridge instructing the captain; everybody is helping the surgeon; all are jeering and instructing the artist.

But Modern Art has progressed to-day for one reason only, and it has progressed further than any of the other Arts for only one reason—it has cast off "the public." Its patrons are like the patrons of old, men and women who have devoted all their leisure and a great deal of their working hours to its study, have spent all the money they can on it because they love it so. That is why Modern Art has won, to the great bewilderment of the general public and the passéist, who thinks nothing can or will be painted now or in the future, and only the very old and dead artist can be a Master.

There is no necessity for religion to help Art. Art is a religion to those who create it and to those who appreciate it. The plea to go back to medieval times is futile, but modern times are going to be more like medieval times in one thing—all intellectual and thinking people will tend to break away further and further from the mass, which will have the stuff they like—the wireless, the television, the novelette, the talking and be-coloured film. But beauty will be only for the minority, and the minority freed from the conservatism and petty short-sighted self-interest of the herd.

As only the priests of the Roman Catholic Church take part in the entire mysteries of the Communion, so will the Arts become more and more esoteric. Then will art progress to unimagined heights; it is not the artists, it is the lack of art in the patrons that is to blame for any art that becomes degenerate, as history proves, and to-day a minority scattered about in Italy, Germany, France, England, and even America are urging artists to paint and to paint well, indifferent to the public and its purveyors of bad taste, such as critics and experts in Old Masters, auction-room touts, and officials of those cemeteries of art called art galleries.

We are now living in a world that is at last going to move a bit more rapidly, even human thought will not always be a hundred years too late. Of course, how long it will be before England ceases to be the giant sloth of the world no one dare say, but the English, before they were submerged in the industrial wealth of the Victorian era, were the pioneers of thought, and I see no reason why this should not happen again, especially with a Socialist Government to steal all the money and throw it away into the incompetent hands of the poor. Poverty is a great urge to those with ideals or brain, just as it is a great soporific to the mass.

My generation was killed by the slow and rich Edwardians, but we who survived at least have done a little. We have destroyed many a rotten tradition, and the young are hurrying on now so quickly, thanks to us, that even England may become a country with a present. Then the arts will inevitably flourish: Art flourishes only when a country is not decaying.

Good art, which, in England, is always about fifty years ahead of contemporary thought, is already showing these manifestations in Europe, but to state that faith is dead is to state that you are out of touch with youth and with intellectual or artistic thought.

It is by no means only Sur-Realism which is seeking to express those conscious or sub-conscious manifestations of the human mind or soul that are beyond or above Realism.

Modern art is not founded on Freud, and Freud himself in his latest essay is, as usual, rather catching up the modern artist in his constant search for truth. Sur-Realism is already standing condemned as "too artistic" in its pseudo-scientific metaphysical researches of the "released subconscious," a force which I nevertheless still think was responsible for much of the magnetism and beauty of the early Italians. Self-conscious art has been the curse of the Victorian and Edwardian periods.

Religion can be an urge to unself-conscious expression, but so can be hatred, so can be hope, so can be despair. An irrepressible necessity to express is the real cause of art, much as man can talk in rage or a woman can manage to be silent in love. Man or woman will always try to express, no matter whether the Church flourishes or not, no matter whether the age is whirling with speed or stagnant with death. Artists will still go on painting even though gloomy pessimists, religious medievalists, or passéists will keep on announcing that never will we see painting like "the good old days," and that man is rapidly becoming more and more stupid. I remember when old gentlemen before the war said all youth was soft, degenerate, and cowardly!

Good art is rare, but genius occurs as the centuries go by just as regularly as in "the good old days," religious or pagan, and not even democracy will succeed in killing genius.

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION MCMXXX

A Posie of Fair Women selected from the canvases at the present exhibition

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A detail of the portrait of Mrs. R. A. Gibbs *(as the picture of "Donna Mariana of Austria" by Velasquez),* **by Margaret Lindsay Williams**

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ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION, MCMXXX

A Posie of Fair Women

(1) Pauline, Wife of the Artist, *by* **H. James Gunn**

(2) Miss Rosemary Hope *by* **Sir John Lavery, R.A.**

(5) Miss Lawrence, *by* **Gerald Kelly, R.A.**

(6) Gwen le Bas, *by* **Somerville**

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e Veil,

y Howard

(3) "Silver and Gold," *by* **W. Russell Flint, A.R.A.**

(7) Miss Nora Baring, *by* **Howard Somerville**

(8) Fanny, *by* **A. K. Browning**

(9) Ethel Bartlett, *by* **Harold Knight, A.R.A.**

(4) Pamela, Daughter of Lieut.-Colonel M. F. Halford, *by* **F. Cadogan Cowper, A.R.A.**

(10) Lady Baron, *by* **Glyn Philpot, R.A.**

(1) Girl Writing, *by* **Harold Knight, A.R.A.** *A study having the repose of the great period of Flemish art — a manner in which Mr. Knight is pre-eminent*

(3) Miss Nora Baring, *by* **A. Egerton Cooper.** *An attractive portrait of a sitter also painted by Mr. Howard Somerville*

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(2) Mary, *by* **Gilbert A. Pownall.** *A very charming treatment suggesting with great subtlety a conflict of stubbornness and serenity. The lawn is painted with notable delicacy*

(4) Mrs. Irwin Buxton, *by* **Doris Zinkeisen.** *The glisten on the dress and the strength of drawing are notable*

FOOTBALL of ANTIQUITY in FLORENCE

The Medieval Game of Calcio *as Played in the Florence of the Medicis' Revived To-day*

THE PAGEANT AND THE PRIZE: The solemn procession of jousters, halberdiers, standard bearers, and guards salute (in Caesarian fashion) the authorities before the game begins. The ox is awarded to the winning team

AS IT USED TO BE: An old picture of Calcio *played in the Piazza della Santa Maria Novella Florence*

IN MEDIEVAL DRESS: Calcio, the XVI edition of football and the embryo of rugger, soccer, the Harrow game, and American football played to-day in the Piazza Signoria, Florence, in accurate reconstructions of Renaissance costumes

The "Giuoco del Calcio," the precursor of modern football, is said to have originated in Florence in the Middle Ages, and to have been introduced by Florentines into France and England. However this may be, it is certain that from early times the game was exceedingly popular in Florence, and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries a football match organized by the young nobility on a scale of great splendour always formed an important item in any public festivities. The last and most gorgeous "Calcio" took place in 1738 in honour of the Grand Duke Francis of Lorraine and his consort, the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria. The matches were played either on Piazza Santa Croce (where a white marble disk marking the exact centre of the square may still be seen between two of the lower windows of Palazzo dell' Antella) or on Piazza Santa Maria Novella, where the goals were fixed in front of the two marble obelisks. In those days each side numbered twenty-seven men, and the costumes, on special occasions, were often of silk or satin embroidered in gold and silver.

THE LARGEST BATTERY OF STORAGE VESSELS IN EUROPE: Huge Ruth's storage vessels at the power station of Charlottenburg, Berlin, where excess of steam during hours of low working power is condensed, to be redelivered at a pressure of 14 atmospheres

The New Industrial Revolution—II.

The mechanization of every phase of life is altering in inconceivable fashion the face of the globe. While the First Industrial Revolution brought about the centralization, now the curse of the age, the Second Industrial Revolution—with its great pipe-lines, its bringing of electricity into remote places, and its enabling the amenities to be combined with the necessities—is tending to decentralization. Mr. Lancelot Lawton here continues and concludes the thesis he began last week

By LANCELOT LAWTON

In my first article I wrote of the revolutionary progress of mechanization, the requisite energy for which is distributed over high-tension lines or generated from substances transmitted through pipe-lines. Since mechanical energy multiplies wealth and lightens labour, men hitherto congregated wherever it was available. But in the future, power, and consequently population, will be widely dispersed. Thus the city as we know it is doomed. Even now evidence of transformation is visible. Factories are moving out of congested areas; witness, for example, the migration of industry from the north to the south of England, a movement paralleled by the migration of industry from the east to the west of America. Industries are also migrating from this country to overseas dominions. Wherever the factory goes the worker must follow. And so under our eyes the big city begins to break up and the industrial units of which it is composed to dissolve and re-form in more spacious surroundings.

It may perhaps be objected that statistics indicate a contrary trend. Certainly the exodus from rural to urban areas continues. But the character of these urban areas is changing. The smaller town is more common, and the larger town is straggling out towards the open country in an effort to escape from its suffocating self. The centre of London, for instance, is becoming a city of the day inhabited by pleasure-seekers, shopkeepers, and office-workers; and stretching out from it into green fields are satellite Londons where the routine of life goes on. It must be borne in mind that the new epoch is yet young; as the web of high-tension lines and pipe-lines spreads so decentralization of population will proceed at accelerated pace.

In countries of rivers and falls, power from water is effecting the transformation which I have described. In this and in other countries not so favoured coal is the foundation of the second just as it was of the first industrial revolution. But the conception of its use is changing. More and more it is being regarded not as raw fuel but as raw material for a wide range of industries. It has to compete with oil, therefore it must be converted into oil or substances as flexible and smokeless as oil. It has also to assist in the creation of electricity, of which it is at the same time a rival. The subject of modern coal utilization is large and complicated. It is only possible within the limits of a few paragraphs to mention one or two of its outstanding phases.

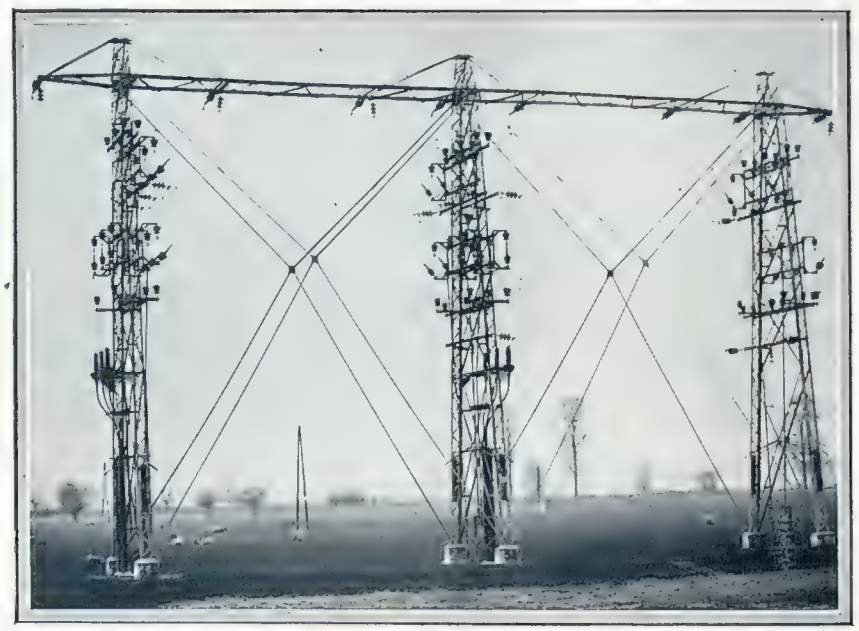
That tremendous and increasing quantities of gas will be produced in the future there is no doubt. This will be one of the most striking features of the second industrial revolution. The long-distance pipe-line now enables gas to travel as far as electricity. No region will be remote from one or the other in the epoch that is upon us. But gas may be also used for the manufacture of cheap electricity. In the Tyne we find a classic example of what can be achieved in this way. At Dunstan there exists what can only be called a "coal and power"-factory. Coal, instead of being burned raw, is carbonized at low temperature. The oily tar produced is refined, motor spirit being one of the commodities obtained, and the residue of gas and smokeless coke is fed to boilers which raise steam for the generation of electricity.

Still more remarkable is the complete conversion of coal into oil which has now become possible. In monster bombs at high pressure, hydrogen is added to coal, which is thus liquefied. The character of the liquid is determinable; diverse products such as motor spirit, kerosene, lubricating oils have been produced at will. In Germany manufacture on a great scale has taken place. But in that country development is facilitated by the existence of vast deposits of suitable brown coal which can be cheaply mined. In England the raw material, bituminous coal, is more expensive to procure. The hydrogenation process is also applicable to tar obtained from coal by low temperature methods, and also to crude natural oil. Thus there is no danger of petrol shortage.

Much might be said of achievement from another angle, that is of the conversion of coal to a flexibility that permits it to replace oil. Its use in powdered form for firing boilers on land is an established practice; and on sea is coming more and more into favour. It has been found suitable for stationary internal-combustion engines; and it is predicted that the day is near when automobiles will be designed for its consumption. Meanwhile some Dutch scientists have produced from coal a motor fuel said to be superior to petrol. One advantage of the reduction of raw coal to flexibility is that it can be easily transported and even "piped" over a considerable distance. Thus from all sides we see developments the purport of which is to render fuel mobile, thus permitting of the greater dispersiveness of energy and population.

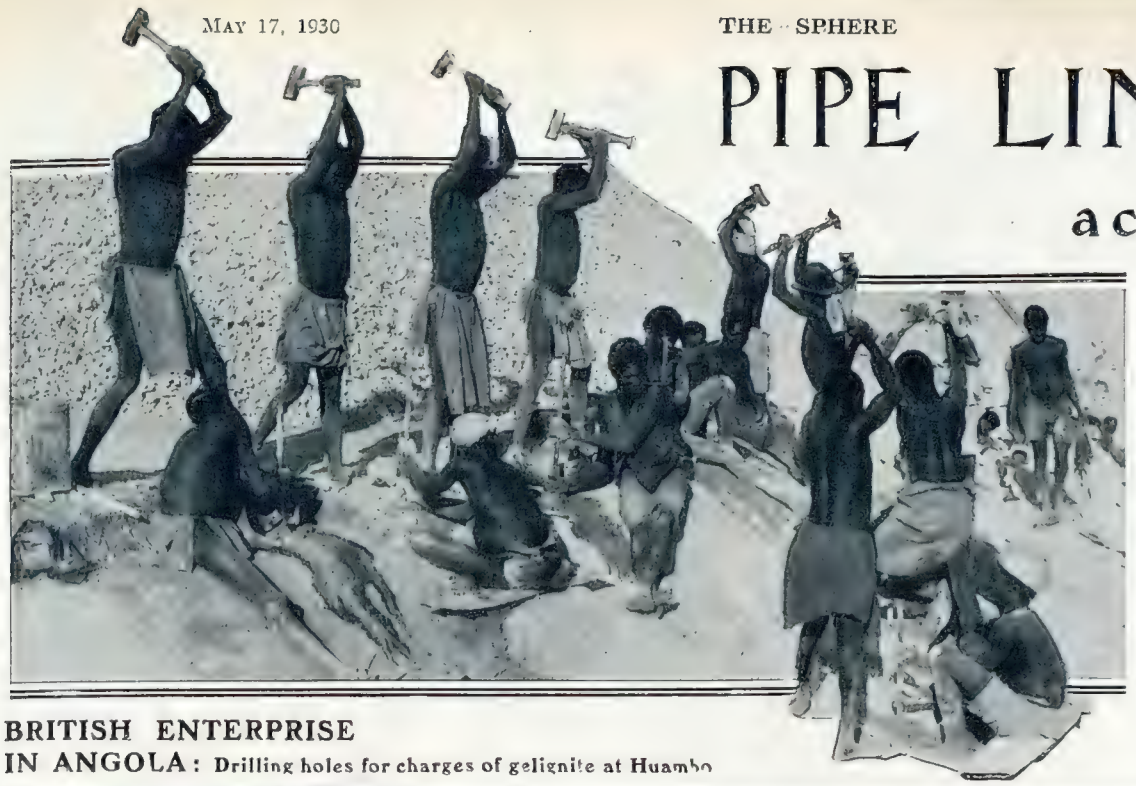
This transformation begins at an opportune time. Although the population of Western Europe is declining, that of the world as a whole is growing faster than ever. Production, too, is expanding enormously, so much so that the mechanism for distribution and the facilities for acquisition are now absurdly inadequate. The nineteenth century was the century of the middle classes; the twentieth century will be the century of the masses. To organize these masses, whose insistent demand is not merely for comfort but for luxury, to feed, clothe, house, employ, educate, and amuse them, that is the task of our time. Most politicians are Victorian in their outlook, and have no conception of the trend of modern technical development.

Sixty years ago Karl Marx foresaw the trustification of industry which now goes by the name of rationalization, and declared that inevitably it would be the prelude to Socialism. Later writers perceiving the progress of mechanization, pictured the masses of the future as robots controlled by super-megalomaniacs. Only when mechanical energy is owned by the relatively few is there a danger of the human being developing into a robot. When it is made available to everyone then drudgery will vanish, personal independence become possible, self-expression, and self-culture attainable, and small industries will revive and craftsmanship enjoy a resplendent renaissance.



THE COMING OF ELECTRICITY TO THE OUTLYING DISTRICTS OF ENGLAND: Overhead electric cables now "desecrate" many countrysides of Britain—but they enable workers to live in healthful surroundings

PIPE LINES across the WORLD



BRITISH ENTERPRISE IN ANGOLA: Drilling holes for charges of gelignite at Huambo

The British electrical industry has haa a record year so far in export work. It is electrifying half the world, and whole countries have been captured in the face of German and Japanese competition. Holland and Hungary, which were formerly German preserves, head the list of countries from which orders have been received. Others, in order of volume of trade, are—Australia, India, South Africa and Rhodesia, New Zealand, Federated Malay States, Argentina, Brazil, Japan, Chile, Uruguay, Peru, Colombia, Egypt, Belgian Congo, Portuguese West Africa, Nigeria

READY FOR LAYING: A huge pipe-line in the neighbourhood of Angola. In connection with the creation of the Benguela Railway a huge power-plant is under construction for lighting and repair

PROTECTED FROM THE SUN: A completed section of the great pipe-line of the Huambo Power Station, Angola, covered with grass to protect it, until the water is laid on, from the heat of the almost-equatorial sun. *Inset above on left*—A crew of natives of Portuguese West Africa are seen rolling a section of the pipe-line into position

The British electrical industry has had a record year as regards work overseas. It has captured and executed contracts in every quarter of the globe at an increase of 60 per cent. over last year. Among big contracts carried out is that for the Benguela Railway, recently opened in Angola (Portuguese West Africa). This railway has been built entirely by British capital with British material, and a big hydro-electric scheme is now nearing completion at Huambo, the new capital of Angola, to supply current for the huge railway repair shops at that place, and for the lighting system of the line.

SHOWS and AUTRES CHOSES

Things Theatrical Discussed by an International Expert of the Stage

By HENRY SHEREK

On this page we publish the first of a series of weekly articles by Mr. Henry Sherek, dealing with the London stage. Mr. Sherek is a partner in the biggest theatrical agency in Europe, and is known far and wide as an international expert on all matters connected with the legitimate and variety stages. He is thus a rarity amongst dramatic critics—a man who knows quite a considerable amount about the theatre, from the front of the stage as well as from the back.

As, by virtue of his business associations, Mr. Sherek has his finger on the theatrical pulse of Europe, readers may legitimately expect to be informed of what is happening not only in London, but also in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and the other artistic centres of the world.

Sasha

MR. HENRY SHEREK: The new dramatic critic of "The Sphere"

Having just returned from that Mecca of Irish authors, Berlin (where there are at present two plays by Shaw and one by St. John Ervine, about which more later), it was very pleasant to see in *The Silent Witness* at the Comedy Theatre a scene depicting that most English of institutions, the Old Bailey, which forms the *pièce de resistance* of this new play. As long as there are theatres there will be trial scenes; it is a good thing for theatrical managers that the Criminal Courts are not opened in the evenings, else the public would soon realise that it could see grim, unrehearsed drama free of charge, which would constitute yet another worry for the harassed theatrical manager.

It is difficult not to compare the court scene in *The Silent Witness* with *The Trial of Mary Dugan*—easily the best we have yet had—possibly because the majesty of our own courts will not permit the buoyant theatricalism of the United States Supreme Court. In *The Silent Witness*, however, the authors have managed to instil some good dramatic situations whilst, more or less, conforming to the proper procedure in force in our own courts.

The story is not particularly original, except for its surprise ending. A young man spends his evening throttling his *con amorata* in preference to the more sedate pastime of accompanying his family to the theatre. Although he tells all to his parents after the show, it is his father who eventually gets arrested in his stead, as the boy had dropped his pocket-book in the lady's flat, and father and son happen to have the same initials. We then have this very fine trial scene with, of course, the usual comedy witnesses.

In the last scene, however, we learn that the boy, whom we have already suspected of not being a very good murderer (because good murderers, after all, are not in the habit of leaving initialled pocket-books lying by the side of their victims) did not finish off his lady friend in a workmanlike manner. After his exit, apparently, she quickly recovered, but only to be slaughtered properly by a nasty gentleman who claimed to be her husband. And then not because he objected to her boy friend, but because he wanted to share in the "wage of shame." Altogether a very nasty gentleman.

This is all disclosed incidentally by an obliging burglar who had spent a most entertaining evening hiding behind the curtains and seeing the whole show.

Malcolm Keen, just returned from playing in *Jew Süss* in America, plays the part of the father, and Marie Löhr that of the mother. Robert Harris makes as much of the unsympathetic rôle of the son as is humanly possible.

Harold Scott is brilliant as a cockney taxi-driver. Marjery Binner lets herself be throttled very prettily; and other parts were realistically played by Lawrence Anderson, Victor Lewisohn, and Leonard Dainton. A great deal of praise is also due to the clever producer, Reginald Bach.

The following evening at the Palace, in the new musical comedy offering *Heads Up*, I found that crime was again the nucleus of the plot, although, as might have been expected, neither audience nor actors seemed to take it very seriously.

Edmund Willard, as a scoundrelly sea-captain, spent the entire evening telling Sydney Howard, who capably tackled the almost impossible task of carrying the entire comedy of the show on his own shoulders, that he was going to be taken "for a ride." Apart from the pride most of us felt in our knowledge of the Great American Language, we felt moderately certain that nothing terrible could happen to the only comedian in the show, as, if he were "bumped off," there would be nobody left to laugh at!

The story of *Heads Up* is as impossible as ever with musical comedy; if the tempo had not been unduly slowed up at times, one could have blissfully ignored it. As it was, we occasionally wondered why revolvers were brandished, ships blown up, and people wrecked on a desert island, until the very good-looking and hard-working chorus pranced on the stage and, by their youthful vigour, seemed to admonish the foolish audience for worrying about silly things like plots when there was a job of singing and dancing to be done.

It was pleasant to welcome back Louise Brown; she has changed very little since her success in *The Girl Friend*, and she dances better than ever. In the last scene she did her usual toe-dance which brought down the house. I do wish though, that the ladies and gentlemen of the chorus carefully draped around the stage would not look so inexpressedly bored whilst this goes on.

A PROTÉGÉ OF REINHARDT: Alexander Moissi, the distinguished German-Italian actor to be presented at the Globe Theatre this month by C. B. Cochran and Maurice Browne. Herr Moissi, who will be seen in Hamlet *and* Redemption of the Living Corpse, *is recognized as the leading actor in Mittel Europa. Moissi played lead in Reinhardt's productions of* Œdipus Rex *and* Everyman. *He has appeared in* The Doctor's Dilemma *600 times, in* Hamlet *1,000 times, and in* Redemption *1,400 times. He has essayed almost every Shakespearean rôle as well as those of Shaw, Pirandello, Goethe, Schiller, Tolstoy, and Ibsen. Incidentally he played Raleigh in* Journey's End *in Vienna*

Clarice Hardwick has not much to do beyond "feeding" Sydney Howard. Polly Ward returns to the stage after a long absence and in a larger part than she has ever had before. (Incidentally, during her absence she has married a charming young man.) She is entrusted with two typically American numbers, practically devoid of melody, which she "puts over" in the approved manner. I understand that her frocks were made in two days—and very nice they look too; much prettier, in fact, than some of the others, which were inclined to be rather garish. [At the commencement of her career, Polly Ward had a most unusual experience. Whilst she was playing in the *5 O'Clock Follies* at the Princes' Restaurant, she was understudied by her mother, who used to be well known on the music-hall stage under the name of Winifred Ward. On one occasion her mother actually took her daughter's place when she was ill—the only case I have ever heard of a mother acting as her daughter's understudy!]

Arthur Margetson sings and dances well in the male lead, but looks a bit old for a naval cadet who suddenly becomes a lieutenant. He either skips the rank of midshipman or the United States Navy cannot be bothered with such a junior rank. Harland Dixon, who I remember as a gay youth in *Oh Kay* in New York, has become a little stodgier in appearance, but still dances extremely well. This actor has a big name in his own country, but his small part in *Heads Up* hardly seems to justify it.

For the rest, Jack Hobbs has little to do beyond looking pained, Edmund Willard is a very bad man—in fact so obviously looked a villain that I cannot understand how he got the job of skippering a private yacht; Cecil Humphreys was much better dressed than any American detective I have ever seen. Two young men were brought all the way from America to do some fairly good tap-dancing, which could have been done better by many of our out-of-work English variety artists.

The whole show on the first night was definitely patchy; if the dull periods can be eliminated so that good patches can be merged into a bright whole, *Heads Up* should rear its head for a considerable period at the Palace Theatre.

At the beginning of this article I threatened to return to the subject of Berlin. At the moment in this city of gaiety and great endeavour, there seems to be a positive mania for foreign authors. I saw the first night of the revival of *The Devil's Disciple*, by Bernard Shaw, which deals with the American War of Independence, and Shaw's criticism of England and the English was met with a certain amount of satisfaction by our friends, the Germans.

The Apple Cart is also being presented, but under the title of *The Emperor of America*; Professor Reinhardt, who presents the play, has taken certain liberties with the script. Although the papers almost without exception gave the show bad notices, it is still doing very big business. In Berlin Bernard Shaw is not regarded (as here) as a nice, amusing, rather eccentric old gentleman, but as a superior sort of minor god.

St. John Ervine's *The First Mrs. Fraser* is a big success. The famous Fritzi Massary, who, for several generations, has been the best-known of German musical-comedy stars, is playing the Marie Tempest rôle—and very well she plays it too. Scurrilous folk say that Miss Massary is even older than Mistinguett; her really excellent performance goes to show that actors and actresses are like wine. Her husband, Max Pallenberg, a famous comedian, is appearing in a new Molnar play which, although as amusing as all the works of this author, I am afraid will never reach London.

It is curious that Molnar is tremendously successful in every country in the world except England. The only two plays of his done here were *Lilliom* and *The Guardsman*, both of which failed despite that, in each case, they were presented to the public twice. That, I believe is a record, although not one of which Mr. Molnar is very proud.

His best play is undoubtedly *The Swan*, which ran for nearly two years in New York. Gilbert Miller has the English rights and is always promising to do it, but he has not yet summed up sufficient courage to do so.

A new operette which is to be put on at the Renaissance Theatre in Berlin on June 6 has an original mode of presentation. It is called *Die Wunderbar*, and scored the biggest success of any play since the war in Vienna. The whole action takes place inside a night-club, the theatre being temporarily converted to represent one of these expensive trysting-places of the rich. For this purpose, three rows of stalls have to be removed, a dance-floor substituted, the boxes converted into American bars, and part of the audience sit on the stage?

The entire action then takes place on the dance floor. Up to the present, the management in Vienna have discouraged members of the audience from attempting to use this dance floor during the progress of the play.

DRAMA in many PHASES

The Comedy, the Lyric, the Coli., and the Troc.

Special "Sphere" Process

THE REVOLT OF YOUTH: Miss Celia Johnson turns on her mother (Miss Mary Jerrold), for interfering with her friend (Miss Diana Wilson), in Act I of "Debonair" at the Lyric. In circle *is Miss Celia Johnson who has jumped into fame in the play*

Special "Sphere" Process

THE LAST ACT OF "DEBONAIR": The very charming setting by Eric Wood at the Lyric. Miss May Hallatt and Mr. Walter Fitzgerald find Mr. Arthur Holman lamentably incapable of divining any intelligibility in her Italian

MORE OF MR. COCHRAN'S YOUNG LADIES: A "Piccadilly" scene in the new song and dance show "The Prosperity Party" now at the Trocadero

"THE SILENT WITNESS": A tense moment from the trial scene at the Old Bailey impressively staged at the Comedy. Mr. Walter Schofield is the judge; Mr. Malcolm Keen, standing his trial in lieu of his son, is in the box; Mr. Lawrence Anderson, the standing barrister with a paper; and Mr. Victor Lewisohn, the seated counsel next to him. At the table are Miss Marie Lohr, the wife of the prisoner, and Mr. Robert Harris, the son who believes himself guilty but who is actually "guiltless of his lover's blood." Inset above—*MISS MARGERY BINNEN (THE MURDERED LADY) AND MR. ROBERT HARRIS*

THE CHELSEA CHINA PAGEANT: One tableau (The Imperial Shepherd and Shepherdess) of the novel turn produced by Mr. Ernest Thesiger at the Coliseum. Mr. Thesiger made and painted the properties and painted the costumes of the entire performance—one of the most attractive features of recent years

ROME *Sees* JAPAN'S ART

The most Exquisitely Prepared Exhibition of Art which Europe has seen—each exhibit in its own Tokonoma

HE WHO "WALKS BY HIMSELF": A charming study of a cat. The delicacy with which the white fur is treated is typical of much Nipponese art

A WARRIOR OF ANCIENT DAYS: A study, strange to Western eyes, of a soldier clad in ancient armour carrying a fan

FUJI—THE INEVITABLE: No exhibition of Japanese pictures could be imagined without a representation of the sacred mountain. The birds on the extreme right are also typical

REPRESENTATIVE ARTISTS OF JAPAN: The Baron Okura, who has organized and financed the exhibition in Rome and who has sent at his own expense some 6 cwt. of material to Italy, also enabled a group of his artist countrymen to accompany the canvases to Rome

EACH EXHIBIT IN ITS OWN LITTLE SHRINE: Not only are the pictures thus set off from one another, but they are further individualized by the differing decoration, shape, size, and setting of the Tokonoma, *or recess in which they are shown off*

THE FEATHERED FIEND OF NIGHT: A study of an owl. It is noteworthy that the basket of flowers in this Tokonoma *is quite distinct from the bowl in the picture on the left*

An exhibition of Japanese paintings is now being held in Rome. It is rather an exceptional occasion inasmuch as the modern Japanese school is fully represented, and the pictures are not hung, as usual, on the walls, but are placed within the *Tokonoma*—a place kept for works of art in the Japanese home. The Japanese have taken more than a year to prepare for this exhibition.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE" INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

"BABY A'THIRST": *An appealing study of infancy*

CRÈCHES *for* ALL

—*A Word in Season to the "Woman's Place is the Home" Brigade*

By Jane England

(Author of "Red Earth," "Sjambok," and "Skyline")

Most women want children and homes, only they want those homes and children to be the best possible. They do not rashly marry, trusting in providence and their husbands, but they marry with the full intention of making a success of marriage. They do not sentimentalize short-sightedly, saying, "If I love this man sufficiently I shall give up my job and go and live on his inadequate salary, and if we have any children they will also live on his inadequate salary." "Marriage," says the modern woman, "is a partnership and has far more chance of happiness and success if it is run on reasonable lines."

If she works, then, instead of pinching and scraping, the pleasant things of life are possible—beauty and charm—and the rough, raw places are smoothed over. It is only the supreme male egotist, the bigoted and completely selfish man who wants to deny her this truth, the man who wants to be "boss" and who can only be "boss" by holding the purse strings; the man who, in pursuit of this mania, would rather force his wife and children to tread the path of poverty than remit one tittle of his authority. He covers this up by loud and sentimental cries, saying that modern woman is flighty and selfish, talking about the sanctity of the home, saying that if a woman has a husband and children it should be enough for her, refusing to see that she wants the best for her husband and children and not the shoddy pretence of sentimentality. The charwoman who tells you that her daughters have pretty clothes, tells you so with pride and goes on charing, content that by so doing she relieves her daughters of drudgery. The professional woman does the same, but where the sentimentalists applaud the charwoman, because of some obscure feeling that scrubbing is a womanly occupation, they throw bricks at the professional woman.

TO BE CALLED FOR: *A crowd of children in a "Health House" recently opened in Berlin where every child can receive the finest of medical attention*

Nowadays modern parents see far more of their children than they used. They live in small houses and flats; their children are always on top of them. And the children of necessity hear far more than they should; for who, except the rich, can now afford adequate and proper nurses and governesses for their children . . . and where is the difference between children left to nurses while their mother attends to social duties and children left to nurses while their mothers earn money?

For the real problem of mothers who have to work, is the problem of nurses. The only child is always pathetic, and it is difficult to get good nurses for more than one child, since nurses more than anything else put up expenses. Those who are well trained and trustworthy can always get situations where there are good nurseries and housemaids to wait on the nursery. Naturally they will not go to small households where they have none of these things.

A MIXED BLESSING: *The weighing of the children at the Health Home at Pankow, near Berlin*

And it is a *sine quâ non* that the wife who works to help make a decent income and a decent standard of living cannot afford to keep a large staff. She is faced with the problem of finding someone really competent. She is generally able to find only nursemaids and people not fit to take responsibility, and certainly not the type to be with young children without supervision. And so, probably reluctantly, young married women give up the idea of having children.

Crèches are provided in many places for the children of the working mother, who has to go out charing or as a daily maid, so why in heaven's name can't we have properly run crèches for all classes? They could surely be run on paying lines, where the children could got at, say, nine o'clock, be given lunch, taught kindergarten lessons, play, and be trained to take their part in life by mixing with other children. With a good matron and trained assistants, the children would learn discipline and the team spirit; they would be infinitely better than if they were subjected to the casual discipline of a small house and a harassed mother or maid. Nor would they lose anything of the home influence. In point of fact they would appreciate their homes far more, since they would be with their mother from the time they left the crèche to bedtime. She it would be who put them to bed, who heard their prayers and tucked them up, and they would find her fresh and interested, not nerve-wracked and tired and impatient. The cost of sending one's children could be graduated, and it would in any case be less than keeping up an expensive household for very little result.

"BUSTER—AND FRIEND": *A noble bulldog and his young master*

In Vienna they have made some wonderful experiments in slum clearance; one feature of the new dwellings for the poorer classes is a kindergarten to which all the children under school age in the building go. It is beautifully run in charming rooms and the children spend the day there. They are taught lessons, they have properly arranged times for rest and play, and they only go back to their mothers, I believe, at about five o'clock. The result is that she has had time to do her housework, to attend to cooking and washing; she is not nerve-wracked, irritable, and tired out, the whole atmosphere is free from strain and bad temper.

The fetish of "at mother's knee" is a fallacy. Not every woman, merely because she has happened to have a child, is capable of looking after that child and training it in the best way in this complex civilization. The fact that women will not agree that housework and children are quite enough interest for them may be a sign of degeneracy according to the pessimists, but it should also be remembered that a great deal of the interest has been taken out of housework by modern inventions. Therefore let us have crèches and happy children, and let us drop the absurd prejudice against married women keeping their jobs. The mere fact that they do, makes marriage possible in many cases where otherwise it would be impossible, and the prejudice simply makes people marry secretly, or (worse) not at all.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—continued

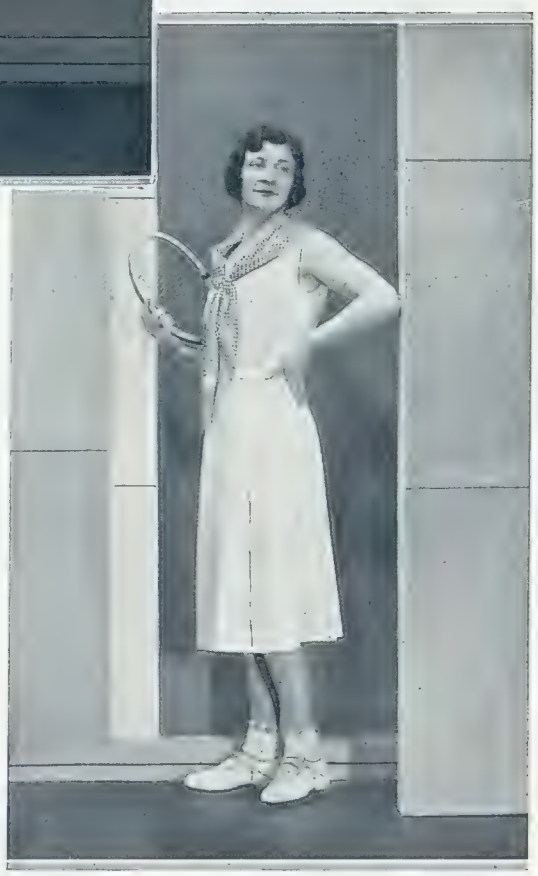
FOR TENNIS *and* GOLF

—Sport Modes of the Moment

Elwin Neame *Finnigans of Bond Street*

On left:

NO SARTORIAL BUNKERS: *This three-piece golf suit is made in a variety of pastel shades*



Elwin Neame *Finnigans of Bond Street*

"FAULT"-LESS: *A sleeveless tennis frock carried out in cream washing silk*

Sports clothes this season, following the example of our day and evening clothes, are definitely longer. The tennis frock shown in the illustration above reaches well below the knees. It is made of washing silk, is shaped at the waist, and fullness is given to the skirt by the box-pleats which are released below the hips. Colour interest is introduced by the red and white silk scarf and in the shoes and socks.

The three-piece woollen sports suit consists of a sleeveless jumper, skirt, and cardigan, and is carried out in blue and white, but it can also be obtained in a variety of other pastel shades. The skirt, which is shaped at the hips, may be worn over a blouse if desired. The beads are of the same material as the suit.

BEAUTY AND THE MOUTH: *A charming example posed by Miss Anita Page*

Why do we persist in looking upon a daily use of a good mouth-wash as a superfluity, certainly as a luxury? For it stands to reason that even a very thorough brushing of the teeth cannot remove all the food and impurities that find their way into remote crevices of the mouth, working eventually into the whole system and poisoning it. The regular use of a pure mouth-wash *can* and *does* remove these particles; when you begin you will find that the delightful refreshment brought about is something you will enjoy two or three times a day, and you will have the satisfaction of confidence in your mouth and teeth health. The general health will thank you for this pleasant attention and the complexion will take on a clearer and more animated appearance consequently. If you are not satisfied with your personal appearance give this business of a twice-daily mouth-wash a trial, as a good beauty-treatment investment. American women invested in it years ago.

N. C.

SCREEN CUPBOARDS

—A Noteworthy Furnishing Novelty

Certainly it is not every day that one comes across a really clever and original idea, but here is one which is quite out of the ordinary. The screen which is shown in our first picture was designed by the Marchese Malacrida for his newly decorated flat at 53, Grosvenor Street, the decoration being by the well-known Polish artist, Miss Zozo de Rosen.

In reality this is not a screen at all. It stands in the entrance hall to the flat, and is a series of triangular cupboards ranged against one wall. One of the "folds" of the screen is a doorway. The cupboards are for coats and hats, and the little walnut cabinet seen in the foot of one of them is for gloves.

Of course the idea is capable of almost infinite variation.

B. B.

THE PAINTED SCREEN: *A feature of the entrance hall of a flat in Grosvenor Street newly decorated by Olivotti, Ltd.*

CAMOUFLAGE: *A screen shielding triangular hall cupboards for hats and coats*

BEAUTY *and the* MOUTH

—The Mouth-wash is not *a Luxury*

Only a few years ago the majority of us were content to accept a bad complexion as an unfortunate evil which could not be remedied and must therefore be disguised as well as possible. To-day we look upon this unfortunate evil simply as a challenge to our skill, intelligence, and determination. It is there but it must be fought and can be beaten. Yesterday beauty was regarded as being merely skin-deep—to-day we have learnt that the foundations of beauty are built up well below the surface.

The cult of beauty is part and parcel of the cult of cleanliness. Perhaps you will seek the advice of a beauty specialist if you are disturbed by spots and other imperfections on your skin. These, if they do not arise from internal trouble, doubtless mean that the pores have become clogged, have not been freed from the impurities that must inevitably collect there during the day. Massage and lotions will be prescribed. In other words, you will be politely advised to cleanse. Instead of the beauty specialist, you may go to a doctor, inquiring why your complexion is not so clear and healthful as you would like. When he gets to the root of the trouble the doctor will tell you the same tale differently. He will suggest that you try drinking lots of cold water, eating fresh fruit and salads and vegetables. The same advice—to cleanse.

This aspect of cleanliness in relation to beauty receives almost its fair share of attention nowadays, but there is another aspect that the average Englishwoman takes very little notice of, namely, mouth cleanliness. We learn from the cradle upwards about the importance of dentistry, the need to keep one's teeth in good condition to ensure all-round good health, the danger that lies behind germs that enter the body through the mouth. But not many people seem to appreciate the fact that it is necessary to wash the mouth as well as to brush the teeth, and to wash it several times a day.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION —cont.

"CLOTHES to WEAR *and* CLOTHES to DREAM"

—Modern Fashions at their Best and Brightest

THE RETURN OF THE PICTURE-HAT: *A charmingly patterned frock in Chinese-blue for a warm spring day. The large hat enhances its attractiveness*

THE COLLAR OF DISTINCTION: *A striking coat in black covert cloth with the new wide revered collar trimmed with black and white pony-skin cut in the manner of one or two military fashions of the past. The hat to match is executed in black felt*

On right—FOR THE DEBUTANTE: *A delightful creation in taffeta with a skirt long in front as well as at the back. This is the first appearance of the double* decolletage *achieved by an extra band of material lying, separate from the body of the frock, on neck and shoulders. White suede gloves add a touch of pleasantly formal chic to the ensemble*

Posed by Miss Corinne Griffith

A REGAL TEA-GOWN: *A model by Poiret in shell-pink crepe back, satin with shell-pink rhinestone beaded sleeves. The braided cord at the waist is of woven self material*

THE WORLD OF WOMEN SECTION—cont.

RECLAIMED FROM POMPEII: *Some fine examples of rock crystal ware in the National Museum, Naples. In shape they are the forerunners of our modern table glass. They still retain their pristine vivid hues*

The CHARM *of* OLD GLASS

—From Rock Crystal to the Present Day

By Donald Wallace

Like an old painting, glass grows more beautiful with age. No copy ever equals the original in quality, lustre, or tone. Years only can add the finishing touch to its preciousness. And the marvel is that so many beautiful specimens manage to survive the wear and tear of centuries.

Although the antique surpasses the modern in beauty and value, some truly wonderful work is being turned out by the glass-making art of to-day, but the antique specimen is never matched in quality, never rivalled in the affections. It is always preferred by the discriminating person. A few fine specimens of old crystal give to a table a look of distinction equalled only by old plate.

The prize pieces are those of the earliest period, hand-shaped and cut from rock-crystal. That is to say, the crude crystal found in the earth, a transparent form of quartz. They are more precious than gold-dust and rarely to be seen outside of museums and the private collections of a few fortunate people.

Ordinary glass, for all its great beauty and charm, is only a chemical product composed of sand, limestone, and soda-ash fused together. This discovery happened so long ago that we do not know who made it or when it first came to replace the natural product, but it is almost certain to have been the work of the Egyptians. It is one of those synthetic products that have been invaluable to mankind. The tumbler took the place of the brass bowl of the East and the horn flagon of the North, while our window-panes are a chemical substitute for the thin-scraped parchment sheet of a few decades ago.

There is a tradition to the effect that the making of substitute glass was brought about purely by accident, and by the Phœnicians. A band of wandering merchants are said to have rested their cooking pots on blocks of natron (sub-carbonate of soda) and found glass produced by the union under heat of the alkali and sand of the shore. But whatever the truth of this story, a glass mass may be produced in the smelting of many metallic ores, silica being present, while the fuel supplies the alkali.

The earliest examples of glass having dates attested by inscriptions are Egyptian in origin. And quite the oldest piece is one made in the form of a small lion's head of opaque blue glass, very fine in colour, which was found at Thebes and is now in the British Museum, London; while a beautiful little engraving of this earliest specimen is on view in the Print Room of the South Kensington Museum. On the underside are hieroglyphics containing the name of Nuantef IV, whose date, according to Lepsin's chronology, was 2423–2380 B.C., while a bead of dusky green glass bears the prænomen of Hatasu, a queen who is conjectured to have lived about 1450 B.C. And a further proof that such may have been the dates of these objects is given by the fact that glass bottles containing red wine are represented on monuments of the fourth dynasty, more than 4,000 years old. Also, in the tombs of Beni Hasan, dating from the reign of Ursurtesen I, at least 2,000 B.C., the process of glass-blowing is represented in an unmistakable manner. And very many examples of chemical glass have been found in Egypt. Much of this is uncoloured, and of a dusky hue.

The story of the Phœnicians is probably true only of a wandering tribe, and it is likely that their true knowledge of the art of making glass was derived from the Egyptians. The Phœnicians are known to have practised it from an early period. In Etruscan tombs in Italy glass vessels are found of a peculiar character, small bowls resembling in form the half of an egg. They are also found in Magna Græcia. But not until the opening centuries of our own era was the true art—and the wonder—of glass-making developed to its highest point. This took place at Rome. And for all our love for glass, the Romans surpassed the moderns during the Imperial Period. Glass was put to more uses and prized as a substance of general utility then than ever before or since. But the adoption of it for windows was very gradual, even slow, and its employment for optical instruments was known to the Romans in rudimentary form only.

OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY: *Some treasured Italian glass in the Davanzatti Palace, Florence*

MAKE *your own* BATIK

—A Fascinating Japanese Colour Process

By Gladys Hall

Many people to-day are anxious to experiment with batik dyeing. The word batik (pronounced ba-tic), meaning "painting in wax," comes from Java, where the natives excel in the work. To make lovely batik work one needs to know but little of either colour or design. Merely remember these two facts—first, dye will not take through wax; second, light shades will take darker colours, but dark colours will not take lighter ones. Pink can be dyed red, but red cannot be dyed pink.

A batik may be made on any kind of material that will take stain or dye—wood, leather, paper, velvet, wool, cotton, or silk. While the process itself is not difficult, one must possess a steady hand and much patience.

Curtains, lamp-shades, cushions, and bedspreads, besides frocks, scarves, evening shawls, and lingerie, may all be decorated with designs bold and gay-coloured, or pastel-toned and picturesque.

All material has to be thoroughly cleansed before it is ready for waxing. For silk this is but a simple washing in warm or cool water. To prepare cotton is a more lengthy process as all the dressing has to be removed by boiling. The best results are obtained when the material has boiled for seven hours in rain-water, the water being changed every forty-five minutes.

Both paraffin wax and beeswax are used for waxing. If it is desired to keep the design intact with little or no "crackle" it is better to use beeswax, although it is somewhat sticky and will drag on the material if used clear. Some workers prefer to use beeswax in the proportion of three to one with paraffin wax, and then gradually add clear paraffin wax as the mixture is used up, as the latter is much cheaper than beeswax, and it is less important to guard against crackle as the work nears completion, as there are fewer dye baths to deteriorate the wax.

The wax is best heated by placing the receptacle into hot water, leaving enough space between the inner and outer pans to allow the worker to observe the quantity of water as it rapidly boils away.

When tracing the outline for waxing, arrange the material over a piece of clean paper on the board and pin securely with drawing-pins, taking care not to scratch the fabric. Then lay the perforated pattern over the material and fasten to the board. Powdered charcoal is then shaken over the transfer and rubbed all over the design. It will be found that the outline of the pattern is clearly traced on the material when the transfer is removed.

The wax is applied to the material with a sable or bristle brush. After all the parts that are to remain white, or the original colour of the material, are covered with wax, it is ready for the first dye bath. Preparatory to this, immerse it in warm water, which will soften the wax and permit it to bend and not crack in the bath.

With the exception of boiling, the directions on the packet of dye are safe to follow. After the material has been stirred in the dye for twenty minutes or more take it from the solution and rinse it thoroughly in clear water of the same temperature. The colour while wet will look much darker than it will when dry. Care must be taken not to wring or squeeze the material, which would destroy the waxed surfaces. The material should be suspended from pins, for if it comes in contact with any surface such as a clothes-line the water will be absorbed more quickly at that spot, and a streak will result.

When the material is dry and warm enough for a second waxing, again stretch it flat and look carefully for any breaks in the first waxing. These must be repaired unless one is intentionally designing a crackle effect. One may get a design in one waxing, such as black on white, or one can get any number of colours by repeated waxings and dyeings, working from light to dark.

When the last colour has been obtained the time has arrived to remove the wax. All of the wax possible should be removed in a bath of petrol, and then a second rinsing in fresh petrol will keep the material from having a stiff, paper-like quality. Batik hangings, or silk murals as they are sometimes called, are much in vogue at present.

IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, NAPLES: *Crystal jugs and jars found in the ruins of Pompeii. These show traces of the fatal eruption, being irretrievably damaged by partial melting and the admixture of ashes*

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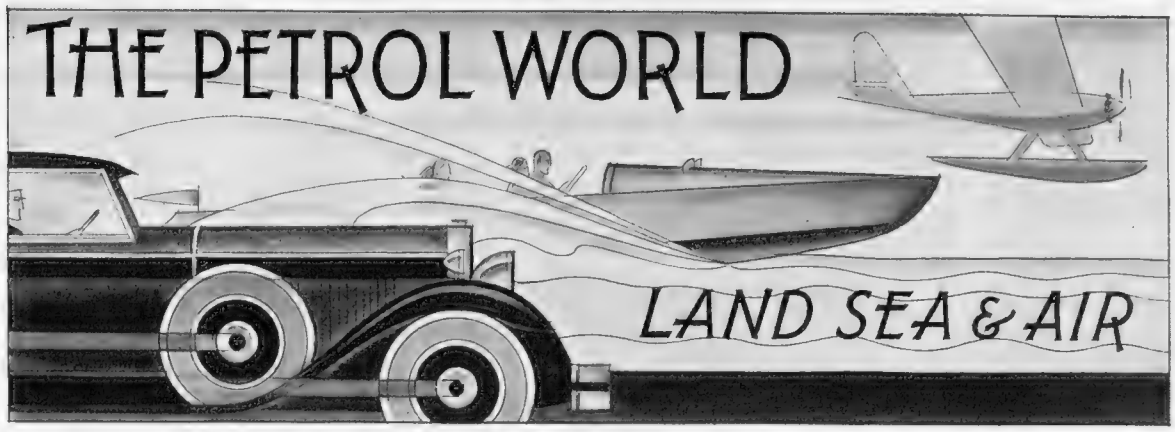
The tragedy at Brooklands during the Double Twelve last week-end has focussed the attention of the world upon motoring in general and motor-racing in particular. "The Sphere's" motoring correspondent, Mr. A. Percy Bradley, M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E., is Clerk of the Course at Brooklands. In view of his dual role Mr. Bradley is able to present the facts of the deeply regrettable accident in their true light and give an explanation of the action of the authorities in continuing the race in defiance of Continental convention. "The Sphere" has opened its columns to this statement both to conform to its traditional policy of presenting well-informed truth without fear or favour, and to acquaint its readers with the facts of the case on a matter of public interest.



Conducted by A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.C.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and Special Motoring Correspondent of "The Sphere")

THE DOUBLE TWELVE.—After the unfortunate accident which occurred at Brooklands last Friday there may be people who will say that it is better to spend a little more time doing this or that repair or replenishment rather than have improvements effected through the medium of a sport which may prove dangerous on occasions.

Well I should first of all like to say that accidents are not by any means the monopoly of motor-racing, or even of sport.

There are quite a number of places to which we go and many things we do which are not in any way essential to our well-being and cannot be classified under the heading of sport, yet in their participation we run grave risks. No, risks we must face all our lives, and if, like some dear old grandmother, we shut ourselves up in a room, imagining that by so doing we are perfectly safe, we may find that the innocent-looking chimney-pot overhead will crash down some night on top of us.

Then again, unless risks had been run in the past we should never have had trains, buses, or aeroplanes, in fact the British Empire might never have come into existence.

The competitors in our big races in this and in other countries ...alize that their appointed task ... not a picnic, yet that makes ...em all the keener, and so they ...lp to contribute to progress.

When, of course, spectators are ...olved, one cannot assume that ...ey have any fixed intention of ...thering science by their pre...ce. Injury, fatal, serious, or ...ht, is to be most sincerely ...retted. Regarding the par...lar accident in question, no ... can say it was anything but ... accident pure and simple. In ... opinion it was not anyone's ...lt, and could not have been ...rseen. I have read in more ...n one journal that the race should have been ...ndoned. Well I feel certain that the authorities ...uld have done so immediately if such a course could ...ve helped the injured in any way. Had such a ...urse been adopted the work of the doctors and ...nbulance men would have been seriously impeded by ...he much larger crowds of people who would have ...locked round, having no other interest before them.

It would have been sheer madness not to have ...ntinued. Why, might I ask, does the orchestra ...n a theatre continue to play lively music, even if some ...f the spectators are being trampled to death, after the ...larm of fire has been given? Again, the desire for ...ensationalism in some sections of the Press made them forget that there is no precedent for such action in such circumstances in this or in any other country.

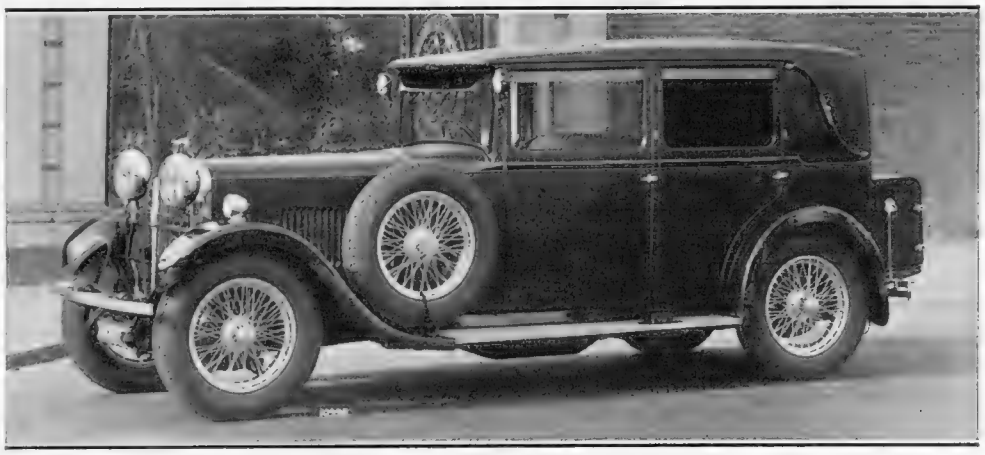
The authorities, I know, would desire me to add to my own their expressions of sympathy with the bereaved and the injured, who I am sure will realize that what was done was carried out in their interest and in that of the public.

A FRENCH BABY.—We are apt in this country to imagine that the very small type of motor-car is essentially a British product and is exclusively made in this country. That, however, is not quite accurate, because the French have almost since the beginning of the motoring era made very successful voiturettes. I think it was before the war I had quite an extensive experience with a car that was known as the Baby Peugeot, and so far as I can remember it was one of the earliest 4-cylinder Baby cars that was ever made. In appearance it looked very much like a child's shoe, but I do remember that it ran along in a fascinating way and enjoyed tremendous popularity in France and also in this country.

Bearing my experience in mind, I was naturally very interested to have handed over to me the other week-end a direct lineal descendant of this Baby Peugeot in the shape of a 201 Peugeot saloon. The engine of this car only just exceeds one litre in capacity and is rated at 9·4 h.p. It is, therefore, somewhat larger than the power-unit in most of our so-called "baby" cars, but it was fitted with a saloon body of quite generous proportions. I had not travelled far on the road before I discovered that this Peugeot was quite an aristocrat. Its engine behaved more like an electric motor than an internal-combustion engine. It was not until the speedometer showed 50 m.p.h. that any trace of vibration was felt. I am not exaggerating this point in any way, and the evenness of firing I was able to demonstrate to many astonished people down at Brooklands.

On more than one occasion private manufacturers have sent one of their cars down to the track, engaged it in top gear, and set the throttle so that the vehicle ran round in a circle all on its own at a very slow speed. Usually the demonstration is carried out with a car having a 6-cylinder engine, but I was able to repeat this performance with this small Peugeot, the speedometer showing 4 m.p.h. I am not suggesting that anyone wants to travel at such a slow pace on top gear with a car of this description, but the demonstration served a useful purpose by showing how evenly the tiny engine fired.

SUPERB ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT.—Acceleration was excellent, and the small engine had a terrifying appetite for hills. I sailed up main road gradients on top gear in a manner in which most people would believe impossible with such a small engine. The brakes were a model of perfection, and the suspension was fair, though the passengers in the back were not so comfortably accommodated as the occupants of the front seats. Another point about this small Peugeot which impressed me very much was the dimming device on the lamps. The latter were quite small, but when switched on were tremendously powerful. All the lamps were controlled by a rotating knob in the centre of the steering-wheel, and by turning this knob back once the side-lamps were dimmed; the means employed were auxiliary filaments in the bulbs, but the result was quite surprising, and gave the driver of the car a perfect light for about twenty yards in front. In fog and mist, and I encountered many patches during my run, the headlamps in their dim positions made driving almost as easy as if the atmosphere had been quite clear. In all my motoring experience I have never driven behind more interesting or efficient lamps. This car is certainly one which will take root on the British market, and its price is only £225.



H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester's New Sunbeam: A 26-h.p. 6-cylinder Sunbeam with a special Weymann limousine body finished in black, designed and built by the Sunbeam Company. The car was supplied to H.R.H. through the Car Mart, Ltd.

CARS OF THE MOMENT.—It is no doubt good news to learn that a lower built Alvis car is now on the market. In addition to being built lower the chassis has a wider track, better performance, and the whole car is more graciously lined. Personally I am not excited regarding the better performance, because the previous capabilities of the Alvis should satisfy even the most fastidious, but I have thought for a long time that the car had too narrow a track and was too high for modern times. I felt certain that it would not be long before the progressive firm responsible for the Alvis would modify the design, and now of course it is an accomplished fact. I will be extremely interested to try this car on the road, because on paper it sounds really remarkable.

Another new car that has recently been announced is the 6-cylinder Wolseley Hornet. This is the first 6-cylinder Baby that has come on to the British market, and its behaviour on the road will be watched by every motoring enthusiast. In the past there have been great difficulties in producing a really small 6-cylinder engine. The real technical difficulty is that with 6 cylinders the frictional area is so great that the movement of the pistons robs the engine of much of its power, but with present-day knowledge this trouble has been largely overcome, and it is fairly safe to say that when the firm that is responsible for the Wolseley car produces a car of this description they have obtained possession of the secret which will allow the small 6-cylinder engine to give sufficient power for the purpose it is intended.

I have often thought a fine motor-car could be produced by placing two Austin Seven engines in line, thereby making an 8-cylinder power unit. In all probability the Austin Company have experimented in this direction, and perhaps one day we shall see such a development in actual use.

(Continued on following page)

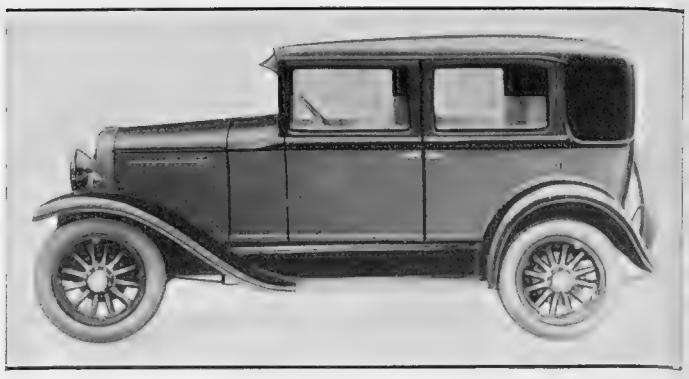
Golfing Motor Traders: A view of the cars parked outside the club-house at Wentworth, where the Car Mart, Ltd., recently held a golf meeting. The winner of the Senior Bogey Competition was Captain J. P. Black of the Standard Motor Company

19,000 Miles in Twenty Days: The "Spider" monoplane in which the Duchess of Bedford flew from England to the Cape and back in less than three weeks, exhibited by Shell-Mex, Limited, outside Bush House, Strand, W.C.

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(*Continued from preceding page*)

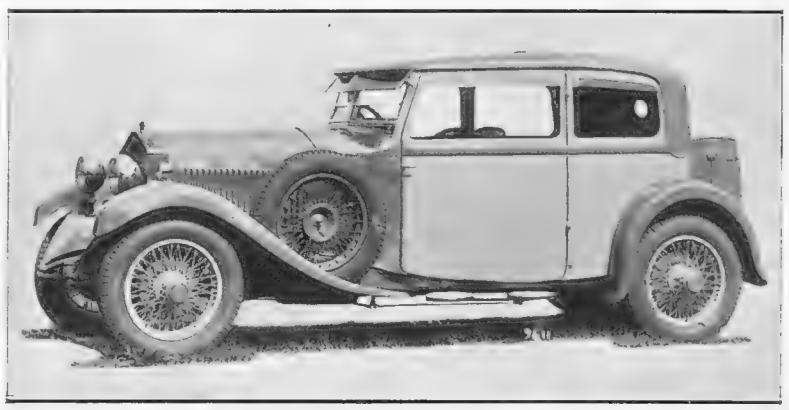


A Prize Worth Competing For: Following the recent price reduction of the Willys Whippet Four, one of these cars is being offered as a prize in a novel competition, full particulars of which are obtainable from Willys Overland Crossley, Limited, Heaton Chapel, Stockport

THE ABOLISHMENT OF AN INCONVENIENT SYSTEM.—A very valuable concession for British motorists who desire temporarily to reside in France for short periods has been obtained mainly through the efforts of the R.A.C. Since December last, foreigners owning or renting property in France who have desired to import their cars during the period of their stay in that country in order by paying the French Customs duty, have been compelled to take out an *acquit-à-caution* instead of the customary triptyque or *carnet de passages en douane*. The principal drawback to the *acquit-à-caution* has been that it is only valid for six months as against the twelve months under a triptyque or carnet, and many British motorists who have rented villas or flats in France have been compelled either to forfeit the amount of the duty (63 per cent. of the value of the car), or to curtail their visit. This system has led to a good deal of inconvenience and trouble, and has in some cases involved British subjects residing temporarily in France in considerable loss.

The R.A.C. has made representations repeatedly to the French Customs authorities as to the inconvenience attending the *acquit-à-caution* system, and is now able to announce that as a consequence of these representations the French authorities have agreed to abolish the system entirely in so far as British subjects owning or renting property for temporary occupation are concerned. Therefore motorists owning or renting villas or flats in France will be able to import their cars under an ordinary triptyque or carnet, which will enable them to be used for reasonable periods during the full twelve months in which a triptyque or carnet is in operation.

SNIPES FOR SPEED.—The amazing top-gear performance of one of the most popular cars of the year—the Humber Snipe—has just been demonstrated strikingly in two continents. A London agent who had sold a Snipe to a client in Geneva agreed to deliver it to him. As a test of its capabilities he drove it in top all the way from London to the Swiss capital, with the exception, of course, of the Channel crossing! Almost coincident with this trip comes news of an even more remarkable performance in India. In this case the Indian representative for Humbers decided to tackle the famous Murree Hill, on the Rawalpindi-Murree section of the route to Kashmir, a climb of thirty-five miles reaching a height of 7,500 feet, innumerable hairpin corners being included. Nevertheless the Snipe took it in top gear without effort. The radiator temperature rose to 95 deg. about half-way up, but fell rapidly when cooler air was reached. An engineer who observed the performance as a passenger was very impressed with the power developed and the pick-up after the many hairpin bends.



Voted the Best: A 20-h.p. Rolls Royce fitted with a special Weymann body which has won the first prize, highest marks irrespective of class, in the Lisbon Concourse d'Élégance held last month

CHEATING THE THIEF.—In these days of smash, grab, and drive-away raids, bandits own Bentley's—or at least choose this make from the nearest park when they want a good car for a quick get-away. In their constant war with the criminal the police must always go one better. Where the burglar chooses a 4½ litre, what better vehicle for the police than a Speed Six Bentley? This at any rate is the common-sense point of view of the police in West Australia. They have just sent an order with Rootes, Ltd., through the agent-general, for two 6½ litre special Speed Six Bentley chassis for use in and around Perth district. In such a choice they have made as sure as can be that the bandits cannot go one better.

to
Castrol users
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Dear Sirs,

I am an owner-driver of 30 years' experience.

On various occasions I have purchased from a Garage a gallon of XL Oil, and have been under the impression all the time, that I was being supplied with Castrol XL, for I naturally concluded that XL applied only to your manufacture. Apparently this is not so.

On Tuesday morning last I journeyed to Norfolk from London having first used a portion of the Oil purchased from the garage in question.

The normal oil pressure should register 40 on my car, but, after going about 20 miles I found the pressure had dropped to between 10 and 15, and the engine was fearfully hot, although the supply of oil in the sump was well above the level.

I noticed that oil was being thrown out from the engine, and it occurred to me that the oil looked very thin. To test this I purchased a supply of Castrol XL. I immediately found the pressure rose to the required 40 points, although after a few miles running it went back to about 30 because of the previous oil that was still in the sump.

On arriving back in London, I communicated with the garage in question and related my experience. I then learned to my surprise that the oil I purchased was not Castrol XL.

I have no hesitation in saying that the oil supplied would have ruined my engine in a very short space of time.

The point I wish to make is that, as naturally many owners of vehicles are under the impression that if they buy a gallon of loose oil, and ask for XL, that the lubricant supplied is Castrol.

You may make whatever use you please of this letter. It may be very helpful to other motorists.

Yours faithfully,
(signed) Geo. W. Roche, F.A.L.P.A.

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"SNIPE" Models	from £495
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And you will experience a similar feeling for rarely have such beauty of line and such a high standard of performance been associated.

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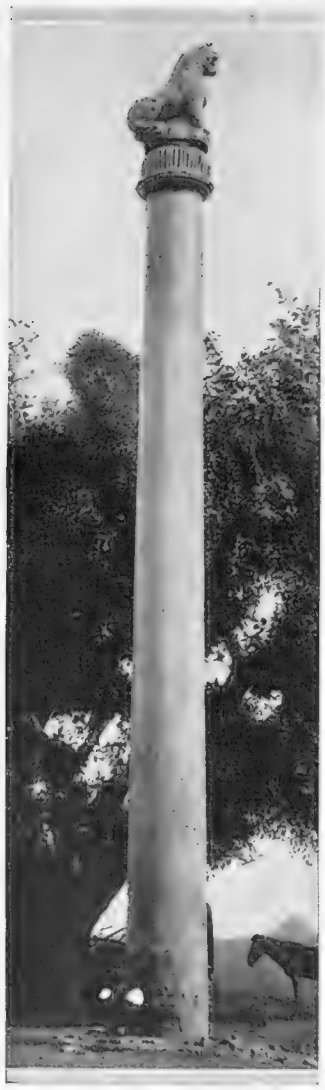

TO THE CONSTANTINE OF BUDDHISM: Asoka's monolith at Lauriya in the Patna district of the Champaran division of Bengal

INDIA'S EVER-LASTING SPELL

BY MAUSER

In these days of rapid and easy travel, when an ocean voyage has ceased to be an event and has become a seasonal holiday, a journey which a short 400 years ago was an adventure of a lifetime is now hardly more than a tea-table topic; by this much have Vasco da Gama and his stout companions, who first found for us the sea-road to the East, retired from behind the footlights of history. But whether the voyage be by carrack and caravel or by the sure and timed ferry of the P. and O., India remains, as India was from the very dawn of history, the wonderland of the world.

India Must be Studied in Sections

Nothing would be simpler than to consult a tourist agency and obtain an itinerary of what, in his opinion, are the standardized "sights" of India, and nothing, in the long run, would be more disappointing. India is a very large subject, and like all large subjects can only be taken in sections, and the chosen section made the subject of special study. To one man, archæology; to another, the ruined traces of the bygone religions which have given birth to the faiths of the Western world; to another, the ethnology of the greatest mixture of races in any one self-contained land—races, for all their apparent uniformity of colour and setting, as diverse and divergent as it is possible to conceive. To another, languages—these, again, the immediate relations of that basic Sanscrit on which developed speech in the dawn of Europe. To another, scripts—or the queer expression of Art in all its forms—or, again, a music notation which splits sounds into components which the Western ear can barely distinguish each from each. To another, the many traces left by the virile invaders from Central Asia beyond the Passes. To another, the most stupendous mountain scenery in the world. To the least fortunate—the man of unformed ideas and vacantly receptive mind—a huddle of all these, and not enough of any one of them to be carried away as a lifelong memory.

If a man has a mind worth calling a mind he will sit down and, quietly taking stock of his own knowledge and tendencies, discover and concentrate on his one main pre-occupation, and then let the remainder fall into natural focus as a background to the main theme.

The Lure of the Khyber Pass

Certain things there are, however, in India, which are of universal appeal. It is not easy to know where to begin. But if we go back to the broader aspects of the land, it will probably be difficult to choose one more engrossing than the narrow single-file gut penetrating the mountains which bar off India from the rest of the world; the narrow sally-port in the immense natural fortification to which the remainder of Asia is one broad glacis. It takes some imagination to view this crag-hemmed defile as the only entry to and exit from the vast land behind it, until, after thousands of years of constant use, it was suddenly turned into a valueless, even dangerous, gap in the *enceinte* by the discovery of the sea-route. In days when Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay were jungle, swamp, and sandpit, the entire commerce and wealth of India travelled backward and forward through a chasm which, in its narrowest part, is still barely wide enough to take two laden camels abreast. That it should have been dominated by clans of rough caterans who made a rich living by tolls on what passed through is only in the nature of defiles the world over. The caravans to-day are few and thin; the protecting power of the English overlies them; but still the robber cragsmen cling to their barren cliffs, their savagery dying hard before the inroads of civilization. To young or old, man or woman, taught or simple, the Khyber still appeals with that universality born of our inbred awe when the forces of Nature and of man combine to make a mountain barrier.

The Fascination of Many-citied Delhi

Again, that city which had been the goal of every one of the many invasions and raids of a rich land, by the starved freebooters riding in from the deserts of Central Asia. In each and every case the wave of conquest swept down from the north-west and gave up the last of its momentum at the walls of Delhi. Here Mongol and Scythian, Persian and Afghan cried halt. Here each invasion sat down to draw breath, lick its wounds, and take stock of the wide plains which it had ridden in to loot. Here each invasion settled, and growing rich on its gains, turned its mind to governing, establishing a dynasty, and building for itself a new city. The wide plains around modern Delhi are dotted with the walls and remnants of ruined cities, each with a history of its own, each built as a garrisoned fortress to overawe the temporarily acquiescent people of the adjacent conquered towns. Seven several cities there are, and out in the plains between each you will find such tombs of departed emperors as give some little clue to the magnificence of the empires which they left behind them. Here the fascination of language, religion, archæology, and art disappear in a wider appeal, that of the dead bones of mighty forces which came, lived, reigned, and departed to make room for those who, in inevitable succession, came in their turn to conquer the land.

Ewing Galloway

A WONDER OF THE WORLD: The Taj Mahal

Of hardly less universal attraction are the relics of an age the surroundings of which we can only conjecture, since they precede any written record. It is as though we were to look out through a narrow arrow-slit in the walls of history, and view a strange land beyond. Taxila in the north, Mohenjo-Daro in the west, the Sanchi Stupas, Ajanta, Ellora, the great relics of a past inconceivably ancient, and ranging from five hundred centuries before our era down to abandoned cities now buried in the jungle. As yet the fringe of them has hardly been touched. Engrossing to all, hardly so much in their proof that India was old, weary with years, before ever Alexander the Great descended on it, as in their evidence of a very human everyday life; the toys of the children, the coming and going in the market-place, even the very account books in which the shopkeeper noted up his little daily transactions in bread and meat and spices, and made his silly little mistakes when adding them up.

Ewing Galloway

A TOWER OF VICTORY: The Kutab Minari at Delhi, built by Muslim conquerors of the sixteenth century

Now, neglecting a matter of such world-wide interest as Buddhism, the foundation of our Christianity; of the many neo-ancient and medieval wonders in fortress, tomb, temple, and even the grandeur of the Himalaya, turn—as unconsciously the traveller's thoughts will throughout have been turning—to that Wonder of the World, unsurpassed in any age or any land. That crowning marble glory of human achievement, the Taj Mahal. For whether it lie in the perfection of its setting, the grandeur and purity of its outline, the fretted grace of its delicate inlay and tracery, or when all these have been drunk in through eyes almost incredulous, the simple appeal of the two plain tombs which enclose the Emperor and his beloved wife, each part and the indescribable whole will strike the gazer, whoever he be, awed and speechless.

Again I say, choose your subject. Learn it, and all that the wise men may have said or written about it. Neglecting all else, go as early as the fierce heat of departing summer will let you, and find the living relics of your study laid out through the centuries in India.

You will not lack for the helping hands of those who, living in the land, have made your subject their own, even as Lockwood Kipling helped his brother-searcher for wisdom, Kim's Lama. A journey to India such as this, undertaken in the reverent spirit of one facing things of immeasurable beauty and venerable with uncounted years, will be the experience of a lifetime. Let a man beggar himself in the doing of it; in the end—with bowed head and the whispered memories of marvels never to be forgotten—he will be a far, far richer man than his fellows.

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Lamson

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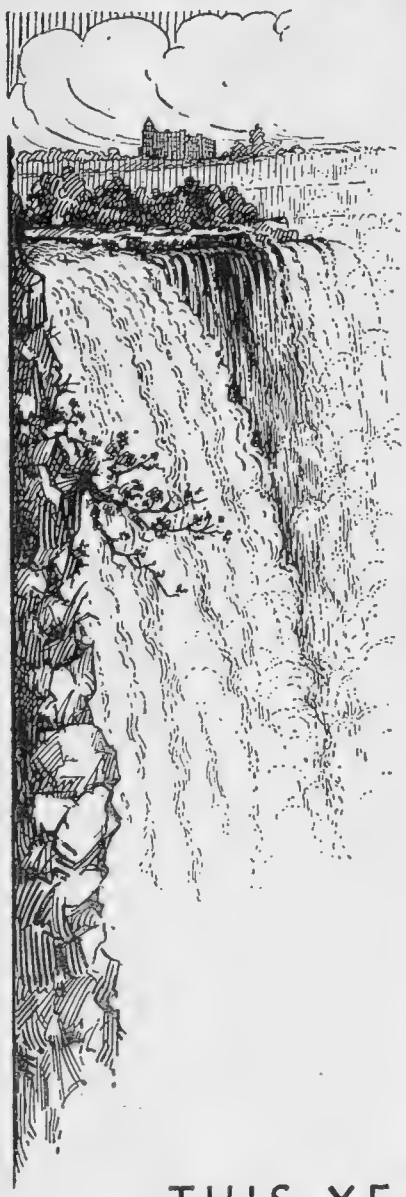

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By ALFRED ST. HILAIRE

SHALL we ever Produce LIFE ?

The Experiments at the Vienna Physiological Institute

It seems that science has made another step forward on the long and difficult road towards solving the problem of organic life. Experiments made by Professor Scheminsky at the Vienna Physiological Institute have had results which call to the mind visions of "Frankenstein," the soulless man-made monster of the Golem Robot made by the Rabbi Loew according to secret formulas of the Jewish Kabbalah and of Homunculus, the living being created by the alchemist Wagner in *Faust*.

Throughout the ages the most ingenious brains of humanity have aimed at achieving two great aims. Throughout the ages there were people who claimed to have achieved them. The first aim was to create gold, the other to create life of inanimated matter.

Until thirty years ago the educated world laughed at the alchemists, laughed at the "impossible" idea of changing one chemical element into another, laughed at the Egyptian and Arabian magicians, at the alchemists of the Middle Ages—which, by the way, included a critical mind like Leonardo da Vinci's, who discovered the principles of the aeroplane many hundred years before its construction—laughed at the dreams of Strindberg, who revived the idea of making gold in his Blue Book.

Until thirty years ago—and then the great bomb fell which exploded our conceit and cocksureness, threw over all our beliefs and dogmas, and lit up the vast field of our ignorance like a flashlight. The discovery of radium and of its relations to uranium, helium, and other elements, proved that elements *could* and do change, that they can be split up, and are, in fact, engaged in a constant process of transformation. The idea of making gold seemed no longer ridiculous.

Why then are we so sure that the great second aim for which pioneers have striven at all times of human history, the achievement of which has also been claimed often before, is unattainable?

We know that all organic matter is composed of inorganic chemical substances. We can tell exactly which elements (and in which proportion) make up protoplasma, the material from which living cells are built. Is it quite impossible then, that we should find the way towards the creation of a substance which will be highly similar to, and eventually identical with, protoplasma?

Professor Scheminsky does not claim to have found, or even to have searched for, the solution of the problem of chemically creating cells. He states modestly that he has merely proved amazing similarities between the growth and behaviour of inorganic artificially created chemical bodies and living organisms.

Attempts to come nearer the secret of life by artificially producing substances which are usually secreted by the living body alone are no longer continued by scientists. Uric acid, vitamins, and even hormones have been copied in chemical laboratories but this way of approach has been given up and nowadays all attention is focussed on the chemical crystal, the unit which seems to correspond in inorganic substances to the cell in organic matter.

It was Haeckel, the great scientist and follower of Darwin, who, in his work, *Crystal Souls*, drew first attention to the life-likeness of certain chemical crystals in their various reactions. Professor Scheminsky has continued on this line, and here are a few of the uncanny results obtained by him.

MR. ALFRED ST. HILAIRE: The author of the accompanying article

With the aid of some chemicals in salt crystal form, and of others in form of liquids, the exact composition of which I cannot for obvious reasons give, he has created a Something which is neither organism nor living cell. For lack of any better expression let me call it Homunculus. This homunculus takes the form of a fresh-water organism when developed in fresh water, and the form of a sea-water organism when developed in sea water. When thrown into a certain solution he will take the tube-like shape of certain primitive protoplasma cells and—now comes the first and most important result, for all that I have mentioned so far has been known to crystal chemistry for a long time—he will pass through all the stages of growth through which a living organism would run. He will pass a stage of youth, then a stage of maturity, then he will show signs of old age, and eventually he will collapse. I nearly said he will die.

Like living beings who grow faster and mature earlier in the warmth, this homunculus will run faster through his various metamorphoses under the influence of warmth, whilst his development from youth to death will be slowed down by cold.

Light, too, affects him amazingly as it affects living organisms. The influence of light on living matter is well known; the pale shades of the grotto fish, which is never in the light, and of potato leaves which grow in the cellar, the fresh green of plants exposed to full sunlight. Similarly the Viennese homunculus remained greyish-pink in the dark, changed into yellow when permitted to grow under daylight, and became brown, almost a sunburn colour, when exposed to direct sunlight or the ultra-violet rays of the quartz lamp. Most interesting of all, however—the point of this artificial organism, the region where it grows, becomes green under the influence of light, green like the fresh grass on spring lawns.

The second important result of the Viennese professor's experiments is that homunculus has proved both heliotropic and galvanotropic. It is well known that plants will always grow turned towards the light. This is called heliotropism. It is less known that certain other organisms react similarly on electrical current. This is called galvanotropism. Like the flower on the window-sill, our homunculus will grow towards the light.

It is even possible to play the same trick on him as is played on some plants which we can force to grow in a zig-zag line by changing the source of light from one side to the other. Homunculus will always turn to the negative pole if a galvanic current is conducted through the solution in which he grows, and if the direction of the current is changed he will quietly turn round to the other side—a phenomenon which has hitherto only been known with living organisms.

Understand me rightly, Homunculus is *not yet a living organism*. Life only seems to pulsate through him. He is merely reacting in a way more similar to the reactions of living matter than any other artificially created substance ever did. The gulf which still separates him from the lowest living protoplasma cell has become extremely narrow and the next century should show whether the gigantic task can be achieved, whether this gulf can at all be overbridged.

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FOR AN ARTESIAN WELL: One of the drilling machines imported into Dakhla Oasis 120 years ago by Aymé Bey

By HAROLD WATTERSON

A FRENCH ADVENTURER in the EGYPTIAN OASIS

The Strange Work of Aymé Bey, who Helped to Make the Desert to Bloom

The cold December gale shrieked in from the desert across the castellated houses of Mott, the quaint old town of the great oasis of Dakhla in the heart of Libya, and the windows of the Egyptian Frontiers Administration rest-house banged and rattled as each fresh gust shook the building, carrying with it showers of small stones.

Seated round a roaring fire of sunt-wood in the spacious guest-room were the Egyptian Military Governor of the Southern Desert Province, the *mamour* of the town of Mott and his *moawin*, together with the medical officer of the oasis and the writer of this article. The logs crackled cheerfully, and we spoke feelingly of the sufferings of poor wretches exposed to the fury of the gale that night out in the caravans in the open wilderness. Then, as is the custom amongst Egyptians, the conversations touched lightly on many topics ranging from lost oases to motor-transport schemes.

Presently the young doctor began the oft-told tale of Aymé Bey and his adventures in the oases, and argument arose as to whether this remarkable Frenchman came to Egypt with Napoleon or was brought out by Muhammad Ali Pasha as a mining expert. To settle it the Governor sent for one Muhammad Said, the aged well-borer whose father worked with Aymé's assistant after Aymé's death, and who himself remembers the explorer Rohlfs visiting the oasis fifty-six years ago. But the old Dakhlian could throw no fresh light on the subject.

It is, however, fairly certain that Aymé was a French mining expert, of middle age, at the court of Muhammad Ali between 1806 and 1810. Then, at some time subsequent to these dates we find Aymé created a bey and given the governorship of the important and rich oases of Kharga, on the Darb-el-Arbein, or forty days' slave route from the Sudan, and of Dakhla, the great oasis of the interior, with full authority to levy taxes on the thirty odd thousand inhabitants of both oases in consideration of an annual payment to the Viceroy of a hundred and fifty Turkish pounds. Associated with Aymé was an Egyptian, Hassan effendi, who was at first more or less in the position of a servant, but who later rose to rank and affluence. Hassan was a well-borer by occupation and Aymé succeeded in getting a grant from the Egyptian Government of that day to import from France eight sets of artesian-well drilling machines, and, with the aid of Hassan set about drilling wells hundreds of feet deep both at Kharga and at Dakhla oases. Aymé and Hassan sunk a great many wells—possibly far too many, for in the opinion of some authorities the Frenchman was to a large extent responsible for the upsetting of the static water level of the oases, and the consequent present enormous reduction in the area of cultivable land as compared with former times.

Previously to Aymé's arrival in the oases all the wells in use were those which were credited as having been drilled by the Romans.

It is a most extraordinary and interesting fact that everyone of Aymé's old French artesian-well drilling sets imported into the oases 120 years ago are in active use to-day. Using one of these wonderful old machines two squads of men working day and night can drill a well 400 ft. down to static water level in six months, for the water supply in all the depressions and oases of the Libyan desert comes, not from the Nile, but from rainfall sources in the south-western Sudan, and flows underground toward the Mediterranean through a layer of permeable rock.

Aymé seems to have thrown himself wholeheartedly into the governing of his oases, and his rule is yet remembered as being wise and just. Amongst other things he fostered the cultivation of indigo, and started an alum-refining plant on half-share terms with the Egyptian Government.

Aymé was accompanied to the oasis of Dakhla by his maiden sister, Julia, who became much beloved; so much, indeed, that her name has passed into oases legends as the "Señora," and even to-day oases mothers croon their little children to sleep with stories of the "Señora, the Great and Noble One."

Aymé's headquarters were at the charming little town of Mott in the great oasis of Dakhla. Here he built a huge turreted mansion, complete with loopholes for musketry defence and surrounded by high and massive walls. This house, now roofless, is used to-day as a camel-forage store and as a garage for the Ford cars of the Egyptian Frontiers Administration.

Aymé had established himself at Dakhla, it is said, for about six years, when disaster sudden and terrible, overtook him, although he was actually away in Cairo at the time it happened. Hassan effendi, by this time a man of substance and owner of many wells, went with some of his servants to the village of Kasr-Dakhla at the far end of the oasis, where trouble had developed owing to the taxes being in arrears. The Kasr villagers attacked Hassan and his party, and in the fight a villager lost his life. The villagers made complaint on the matter to the nearest high official, and at Cairo Aymé was found responsible for the death and deprived of his governorship. Thus the Frenchman disappears from the history of Egypt, for the old well-digger, Muhammad, recalled that his father had told him that Aymé died in Cairo, two years later, a broken-hearted man.

Julia sleeps in the courtyard of her brother's now ruined house at Mott, and her tomb of plain mud brick crumbling into decay is without inscription of any kind.

Yet I am glad to know that Julia Aymé is not forgotten by the dwellers in the beautiful Egyptian oasis she loved so well, for when the storm had passed and I was able to visit her grave, I found it surmounted by a bowl of fragrant desert lilies, placed there by some humble oasis woman in remembrance of a long-dead lady of France.

OASIS: A scene in the Dakhla Oasis, where crystal streams have turned the desert into an earthly paradise

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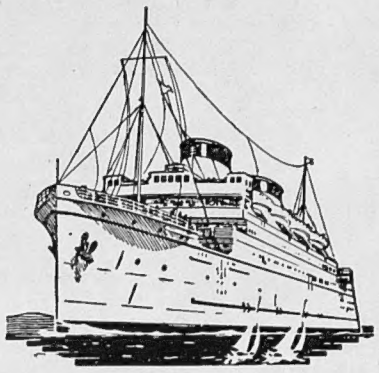

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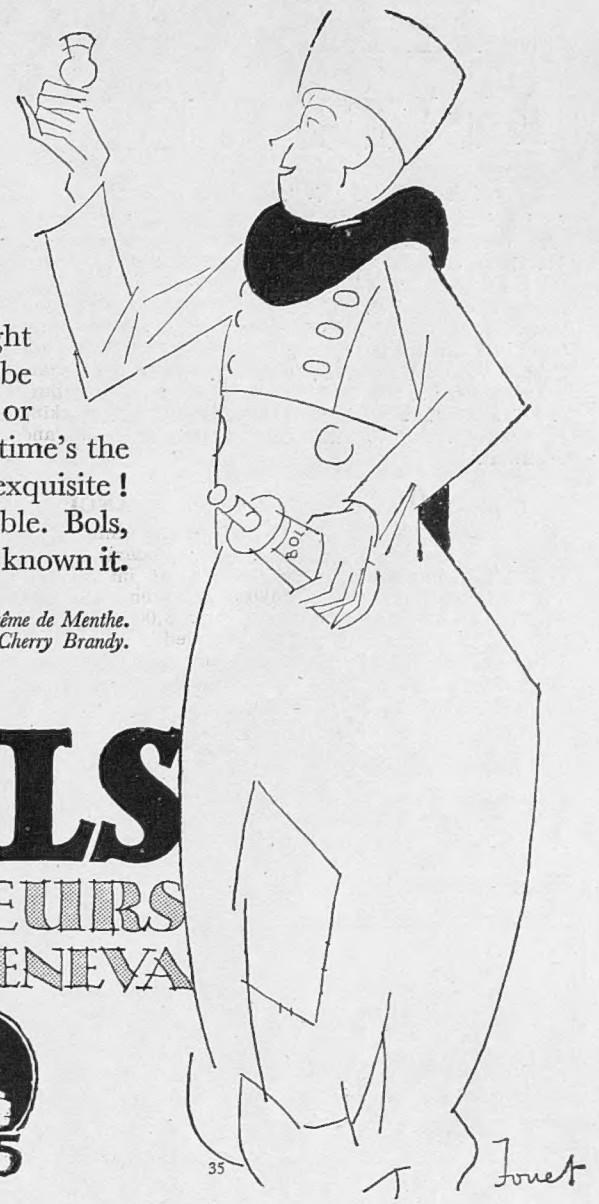

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ITEMS of General INTEREST

PADDINGTON TO PENZANCE

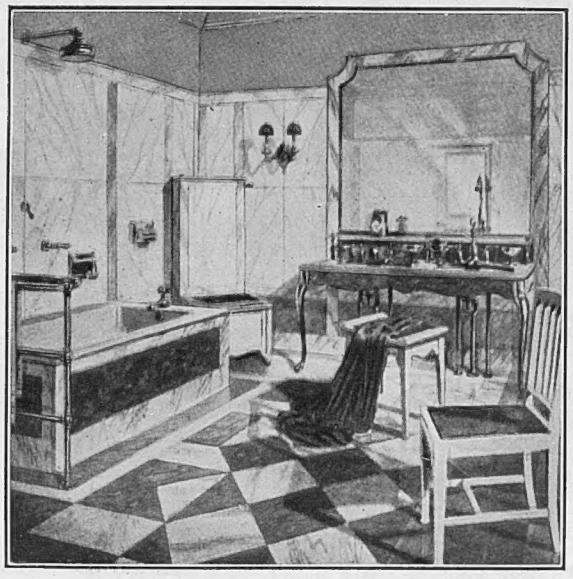
The first of the G.W.R. schemes sanctioned by the Government for the relief of unemployment has just been completed. This is the doubling of the line between Scorrier and Redruth in Cornwall, a distance of just over 1½ miles. The company now have a double track throughout from Paddingdon to Penzance, a distance of 305 miles (except for a short distance over the Saltash Viaduct), and this, together with the important improvements to the track now in progress at Westbury and Taunton, should materially affect the working of express trains to and from Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall.

FOR THE TRAVELLER IN FRANCE

The 1930 edition of this important and interesting work, published by the Union des Federations des Syndicats d'Initiatives, *Essi* contains all information for visiting France and staying at French health resorts. It also contains a list of over 3,000 places of interest. This year-book can be obtained by the public from the Bureau de Renseignements de Tourisme, 101, Avenue des Champs Élysées (temporary entrance—53, Avenue George V, Paris 18e).

KNIGHTSBRIDGE BARRACKS FOR "MOUNTIES"

The Directors of the International Horse Shows have made arrangements with the War Office to house the detachment of the Canadian Mounted Police at Knightsbridge Barracks from the date of their arrival in England—June 7—until the opening of the Horse Show on June 19, after which they will be moved to Olympia. Innumerable requests have been received from promoters of other horse shows, gymkhanas, and military displays by the Canadian Government and the International Horse Show Authorities that the detachment might make an appearance at other venues. However, as these policemen can be ill spared for a longer period than the ten days at Olympia they will not be seen elsewhere, but will return to Canada immediately after the finish of the Horse Show.



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The question of turf perfection is one that always looms significantly on the sportsman's — and woman's—horizon of interest. Whatever turn sporting instincts take it may be safely assumed that the quality of the turf will be a dominant factor in determining the prospective enjoyment to be obtained. It is not surprising, therefore, that sporting authorities choose with extreme care, methods of turf cultivation, and the popularity of the British Motor Mower, the Atco, in sporting circles, is a tribute to its all-round efficiency. Atco is the famous production of Messrs. Charles H. Pugh, Ltd., of Tilton Road, Birmingham.

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1906

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Freddy: "Ten minutes before the race the Tote figures showed my horse about 14/1, but when the final returns went up after the race 'Jacobite' was about 5/2."

Sir Edward: "An alarming difference."

Freddy: "Yes. I quite forgot that, aside from other punters backing 'Jacobite,' my own money would substantially decrease the price."

Sir Edward: "Why on earth didn't you wire your bet to DUGGIE? You have an account with him."

Freddy: "What difference would that have made?"

Sir Edward: "You could have wired him up to the 'off'; the telegram not being delivered until well after the race was over, the Tote price wouldn't have been affected."

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Sir Edward: "Yes, and what's more he has no limit, that's what makes me so *enthusiastic* about him."

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Douglas Stuart

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